

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN®

ISSUE

98

CLONE SAGA: PART 2

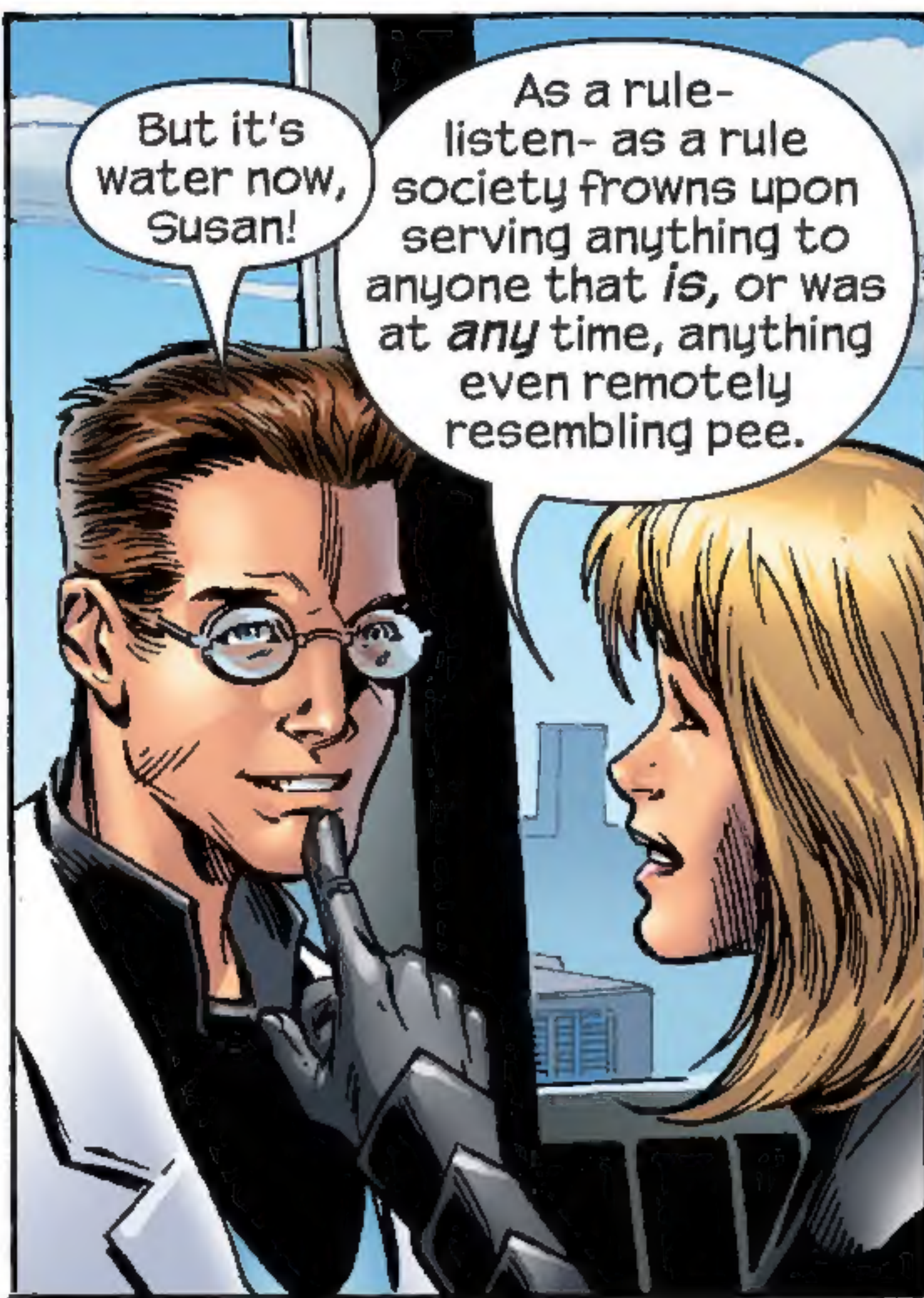
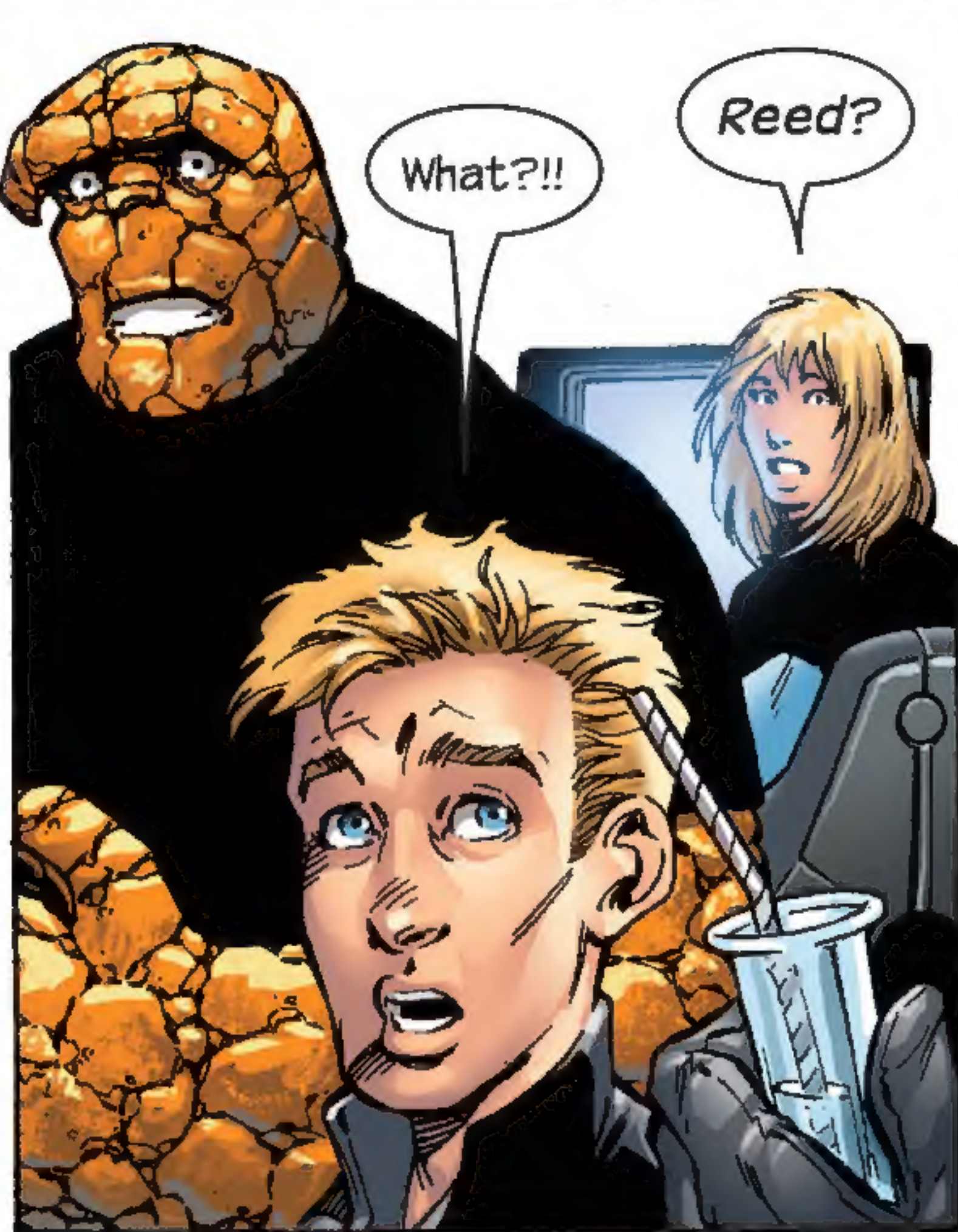
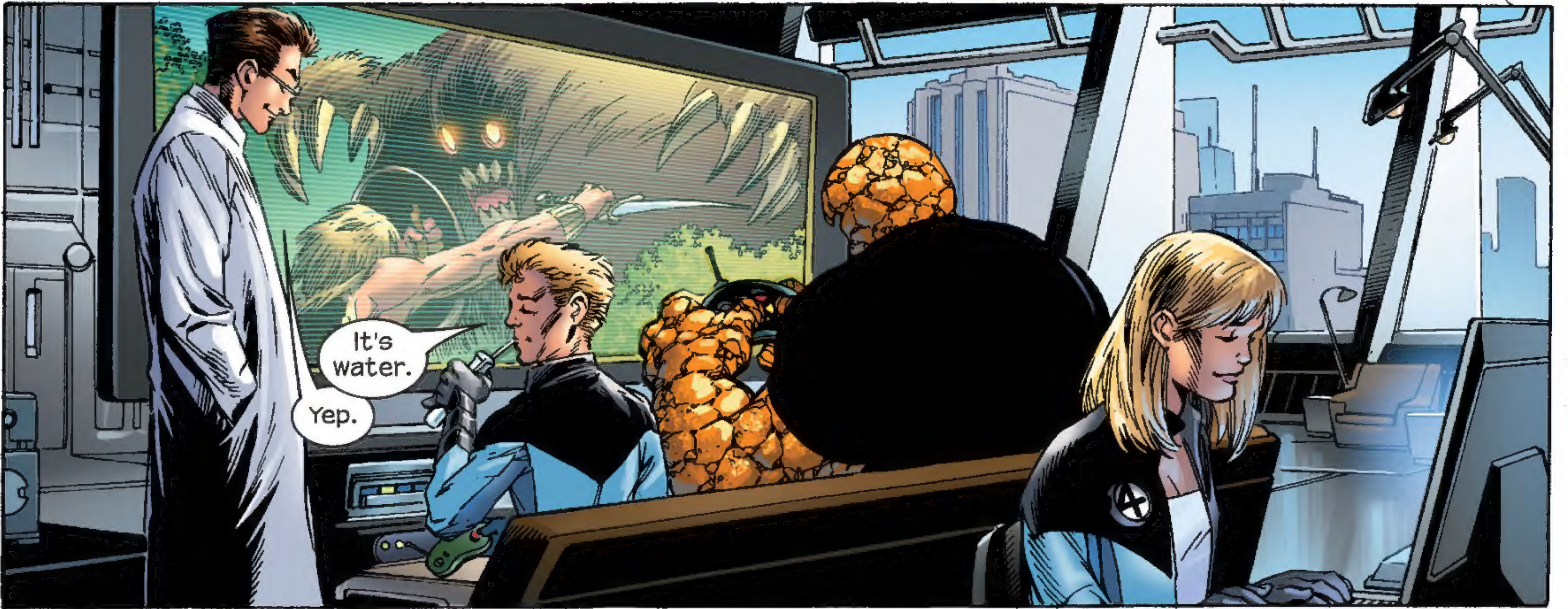
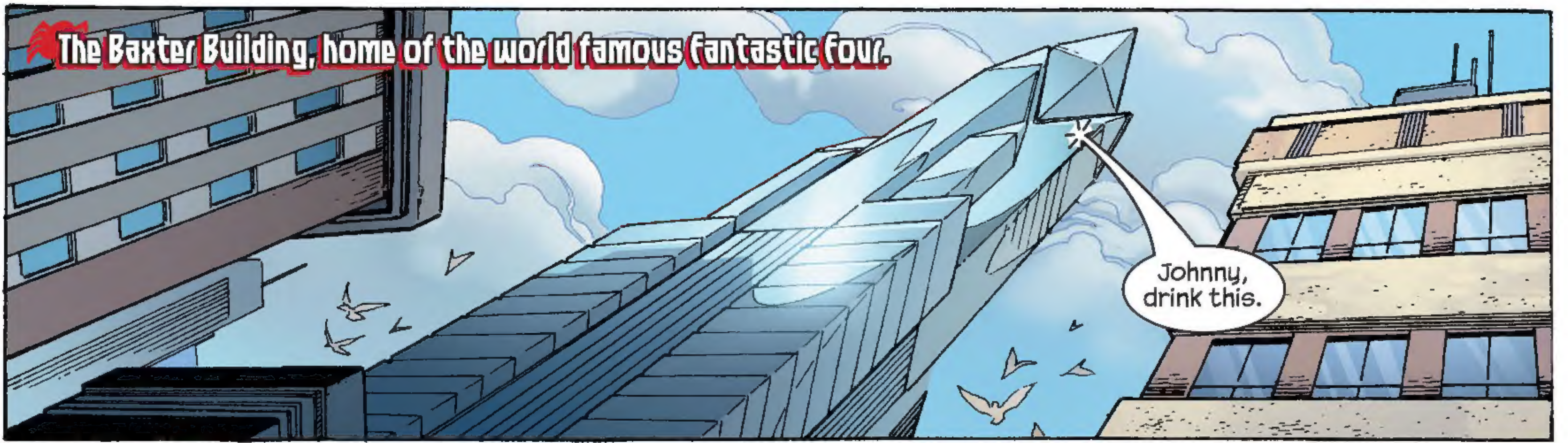
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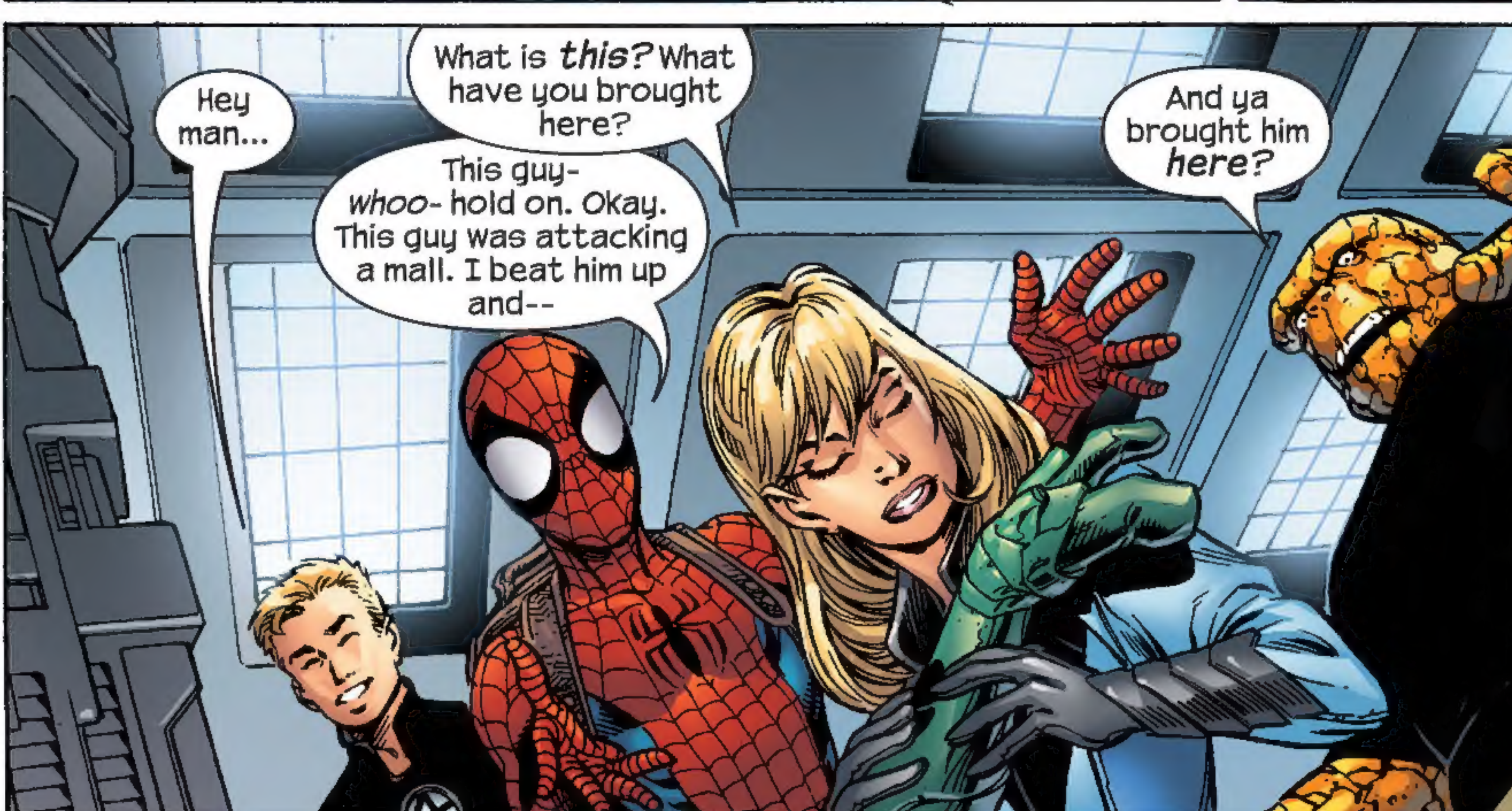
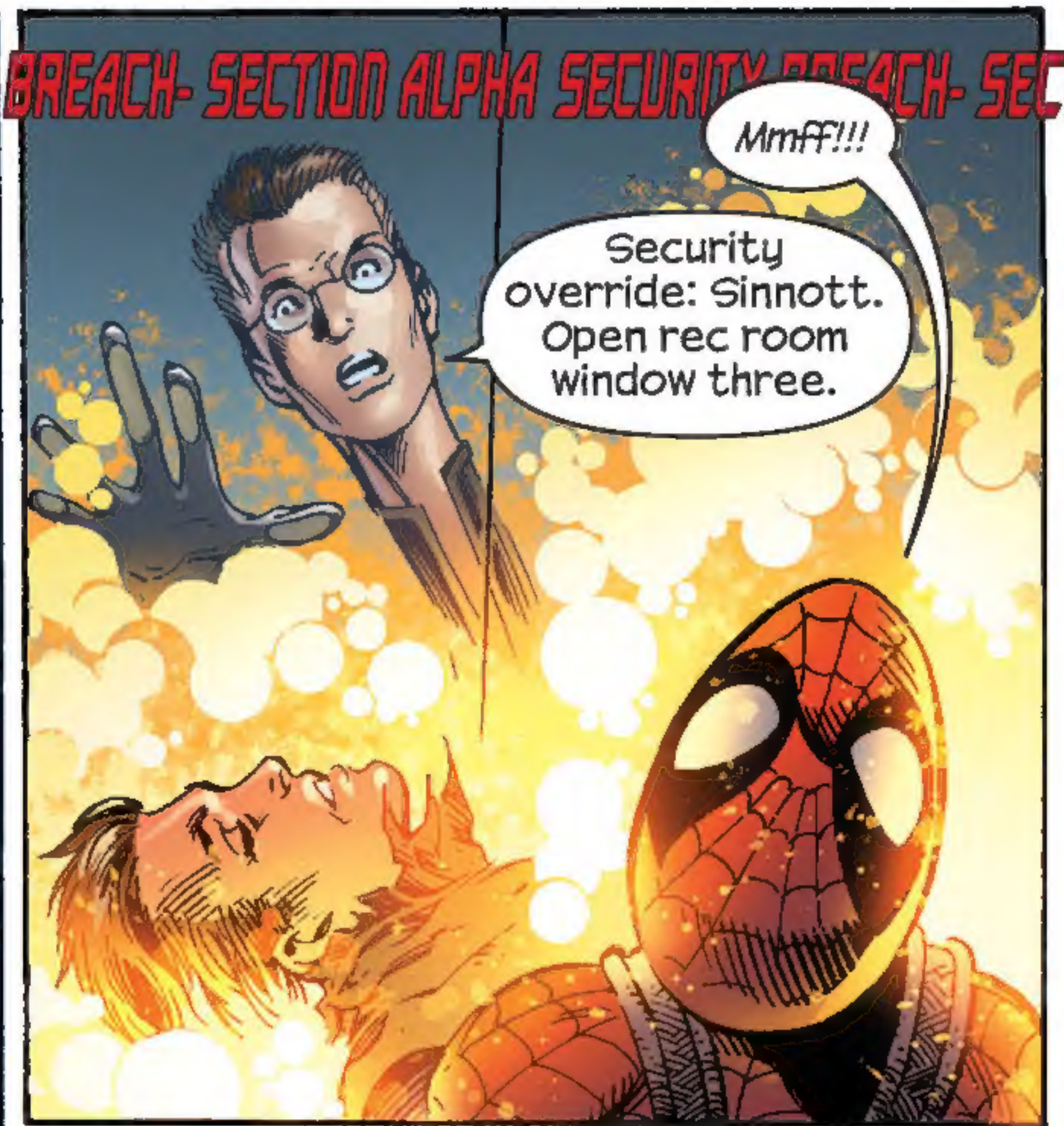
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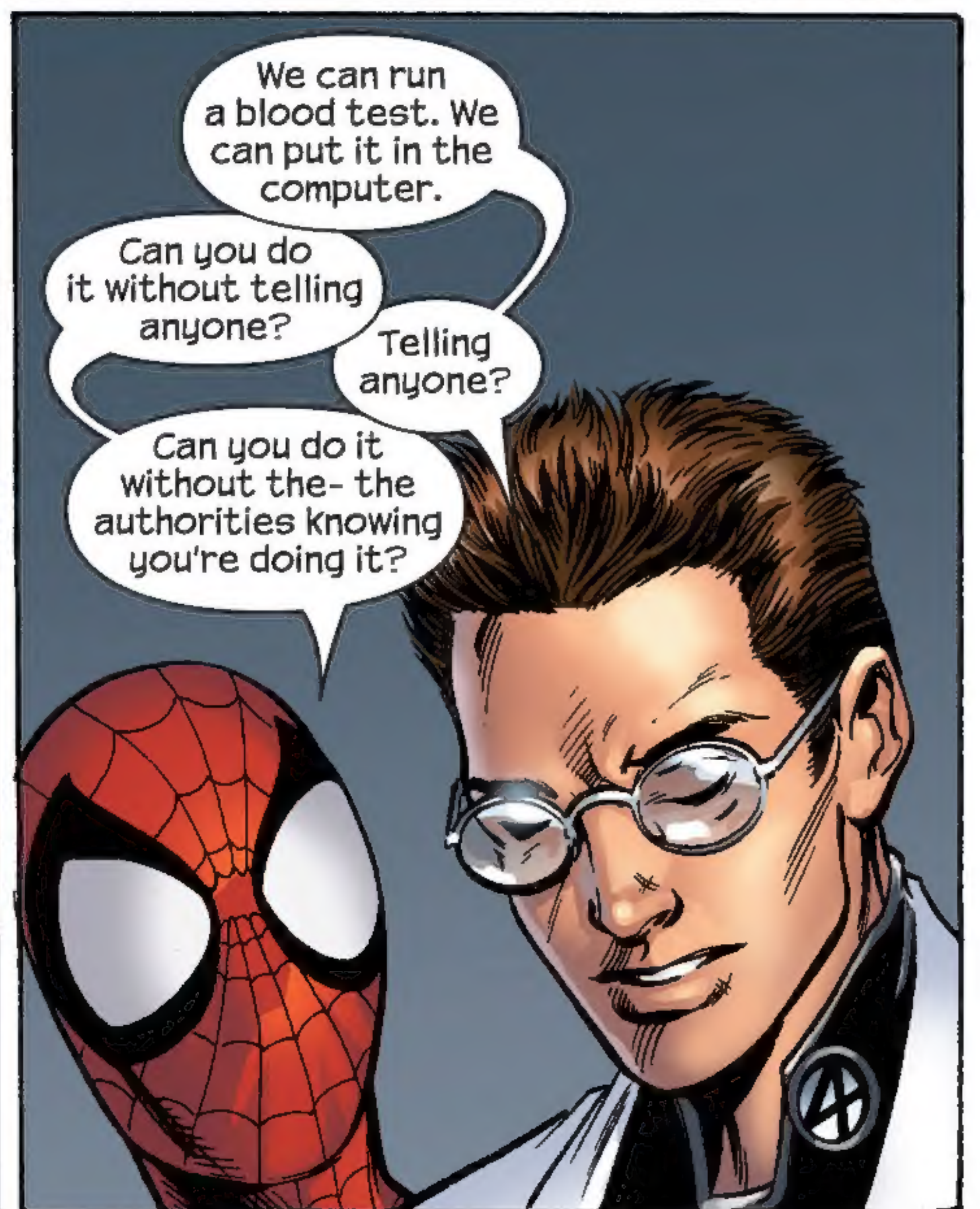
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Peter Parker.

(Ninety-four point two percent match?)



Oh my God.

His tail mechanism is grafted into his spinal cord.

Uh, ew.

That's an illegal biograft.

Oh my God!

(Ninety-four point two percent match?)



Let's wake him up.

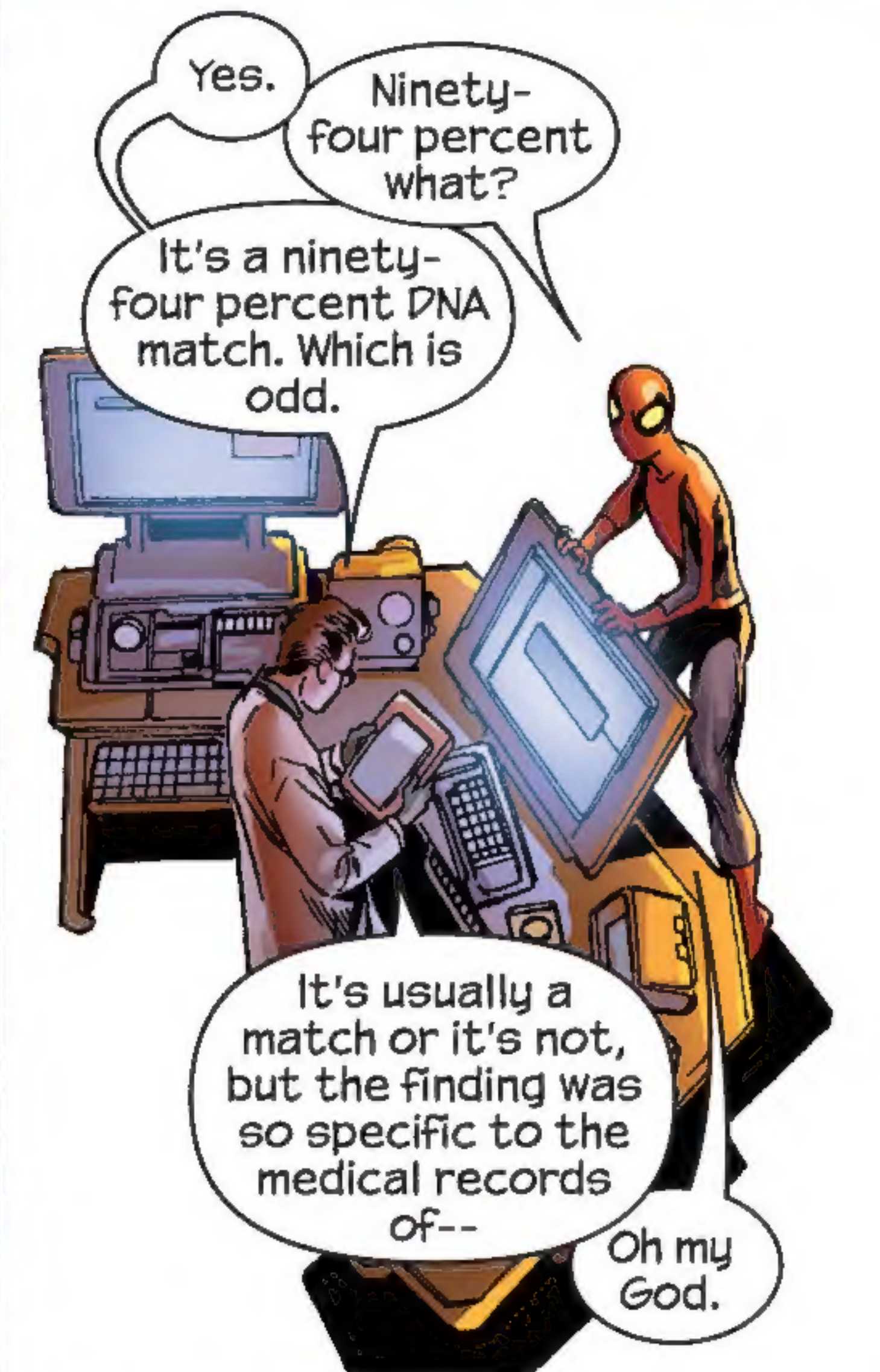
He might have a concussion. Maybe we should get my dad in here to--

He *is* the one with the answers.

No!!

No?

Ninety-four percent? You said ninety-four percent?



Yes.

Ninety-four percent what?

It's a ninety-four percent DNA match. Which is odd.

It's usually a match or it's not, but the finding was so specific to the medical records of--

Oh my God.



I got, yeah, here... Peter Parker. Caucasian. Around sixteen years old. Not a mutant.

Some genetic damage. Never seen that kind of damage before. Hmm? Maybe that's the percentage discrepancy or--

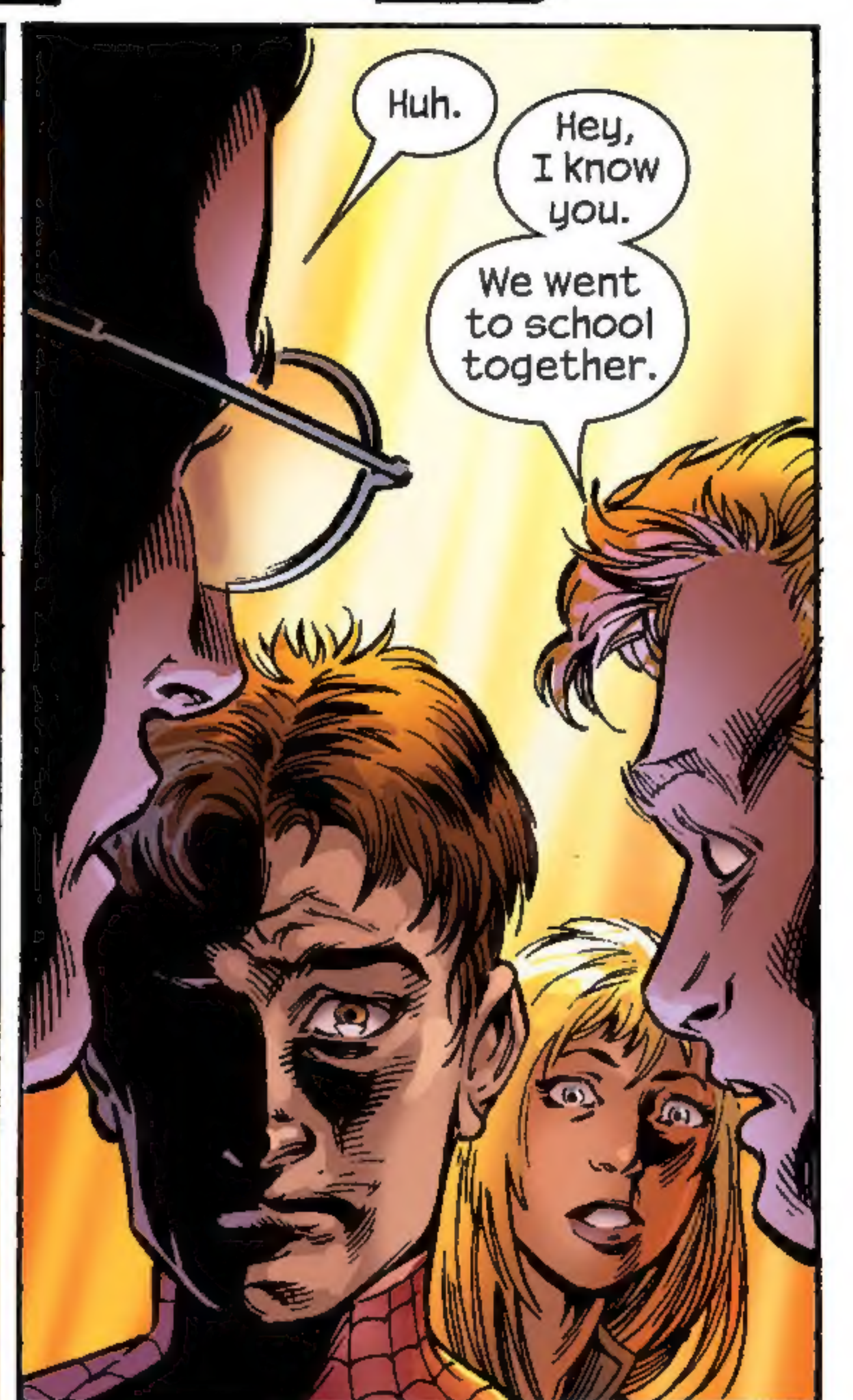
Okay, listen to me...



I'm Peter Parker.

Me.

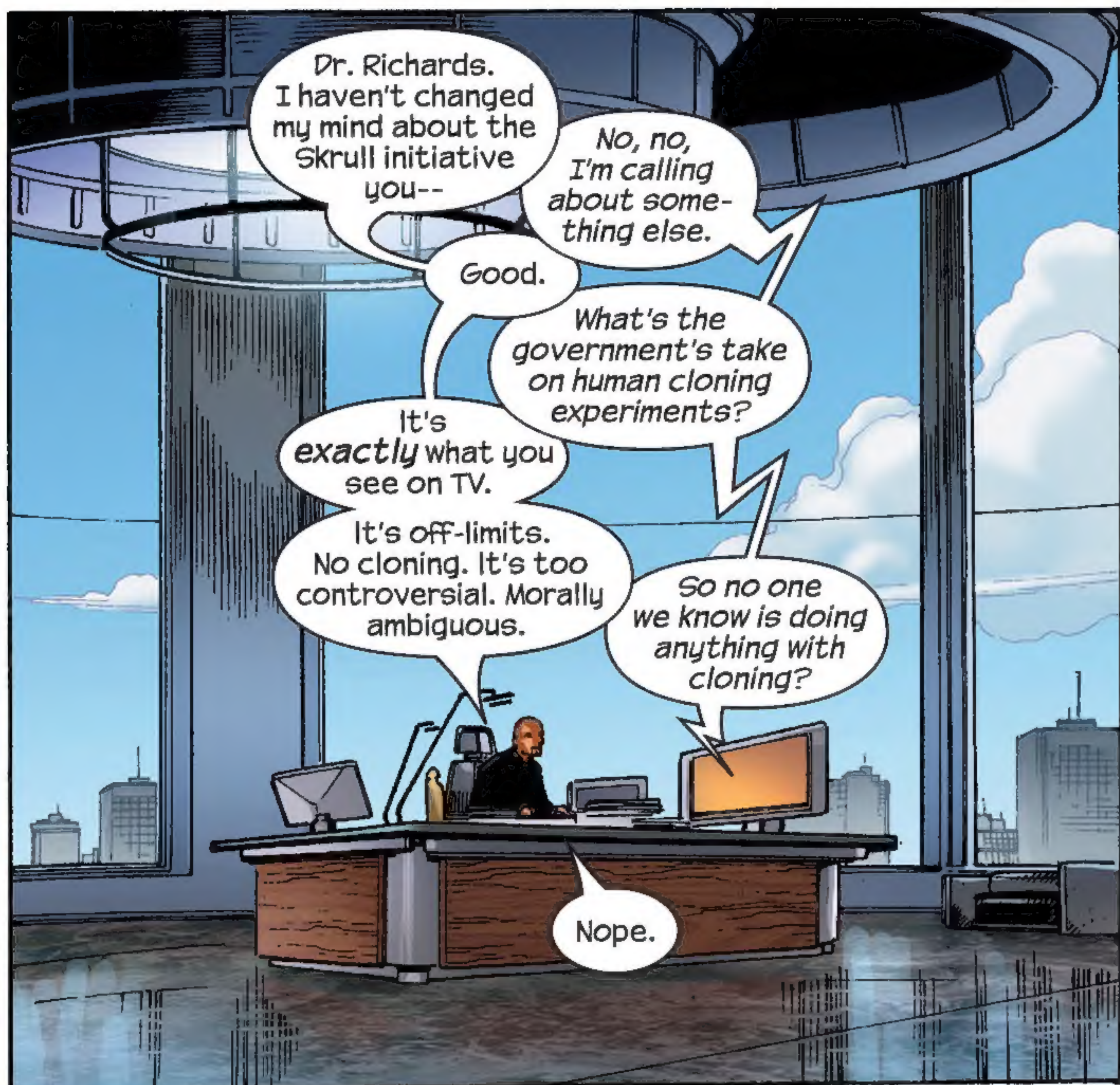
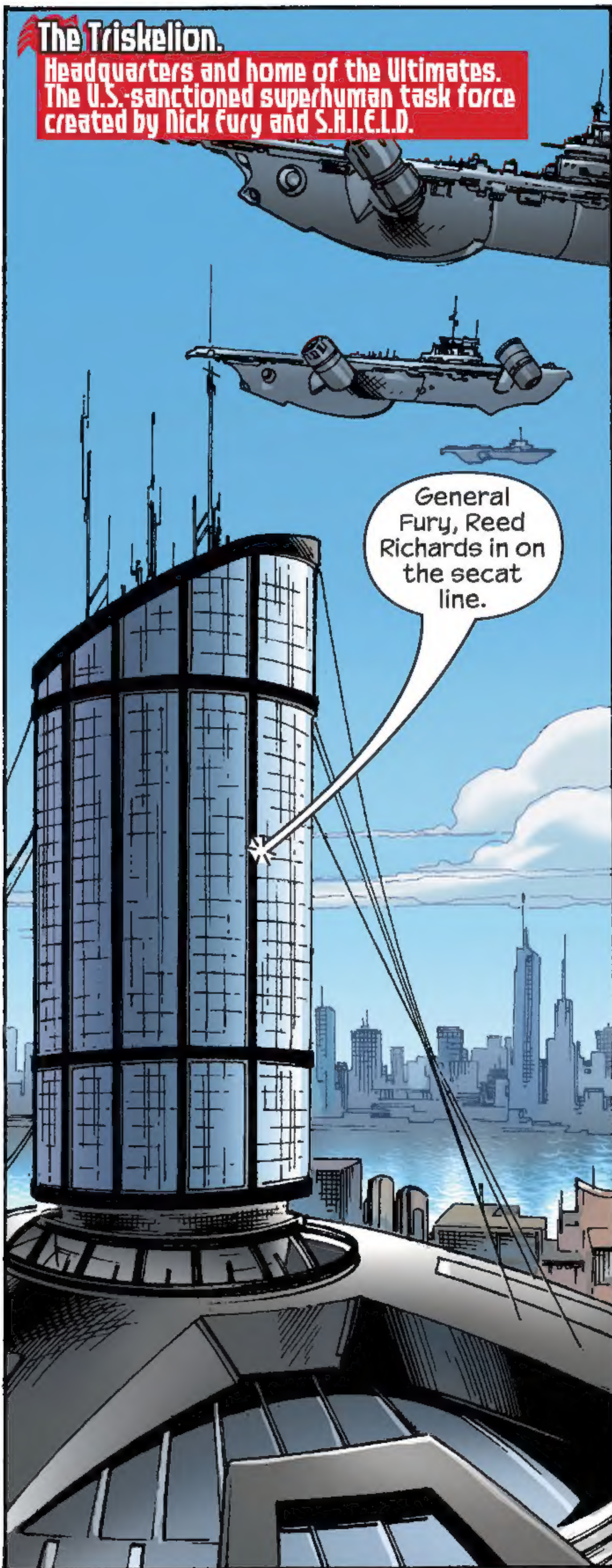
So who is *that* and what is going on?

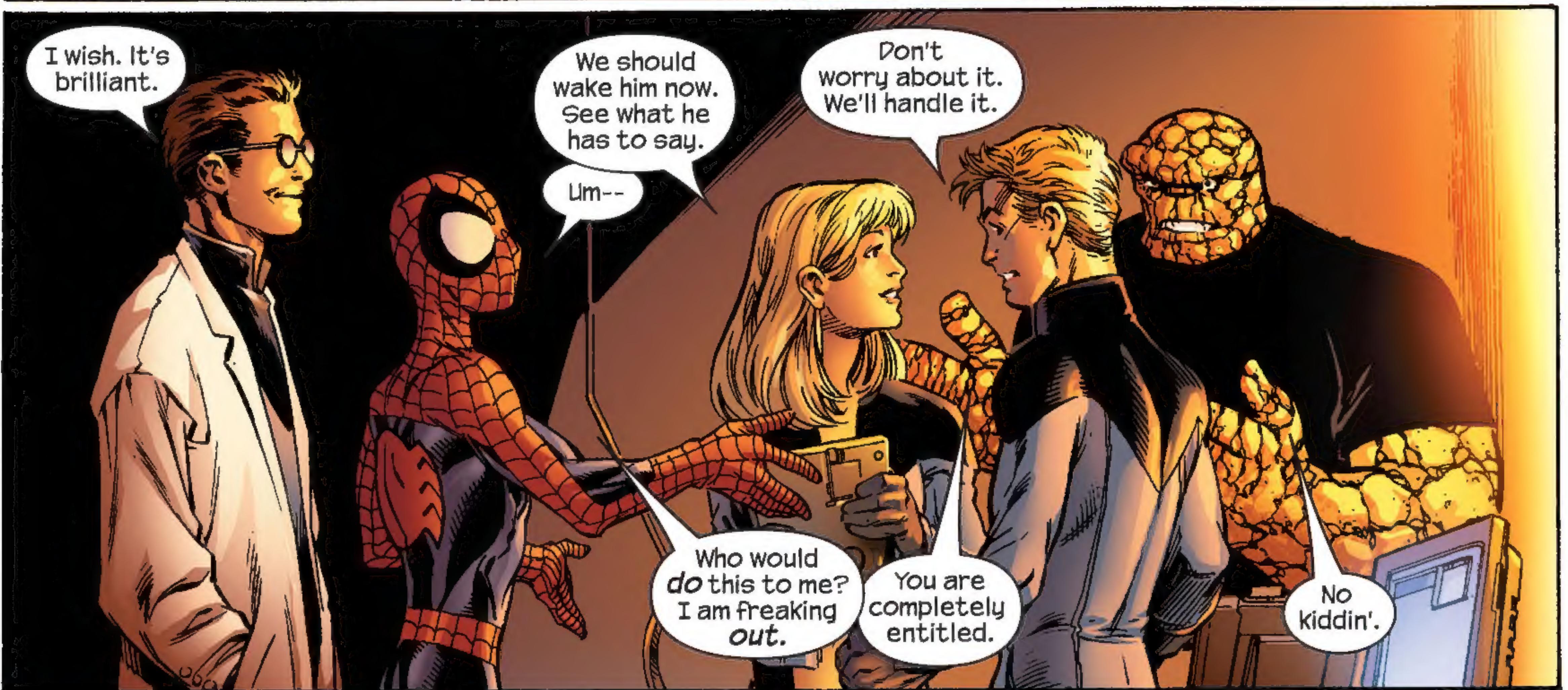
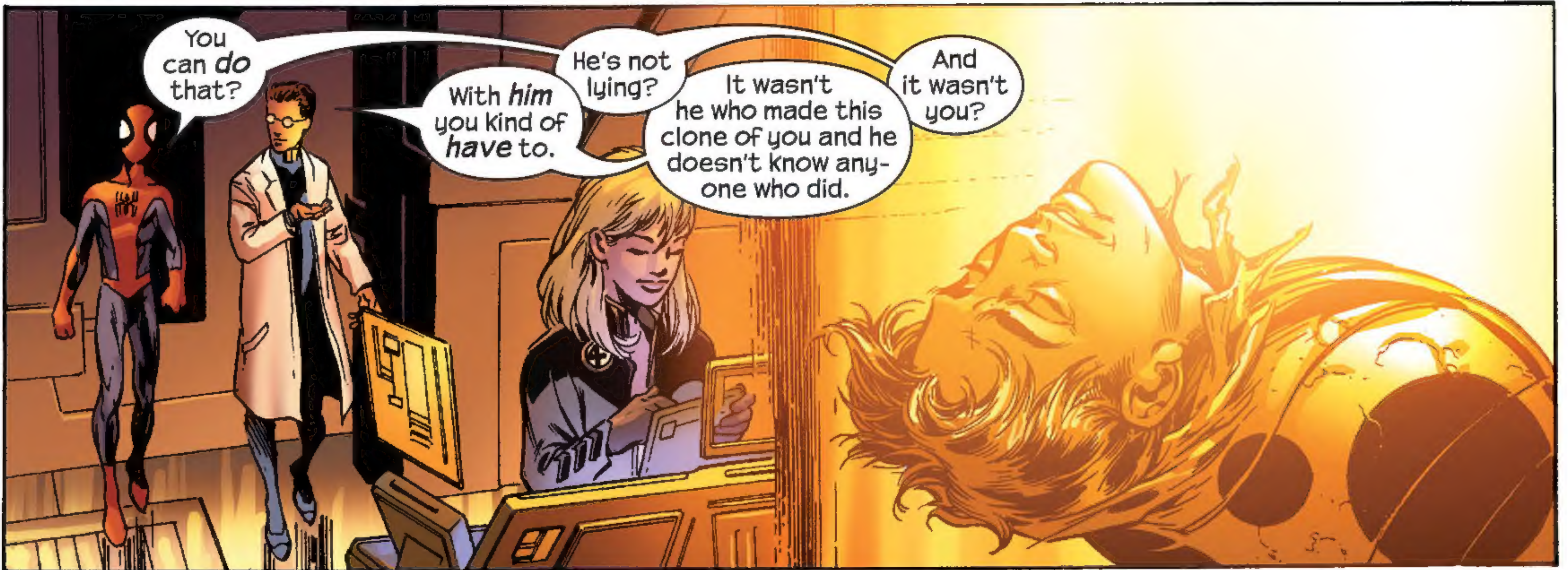
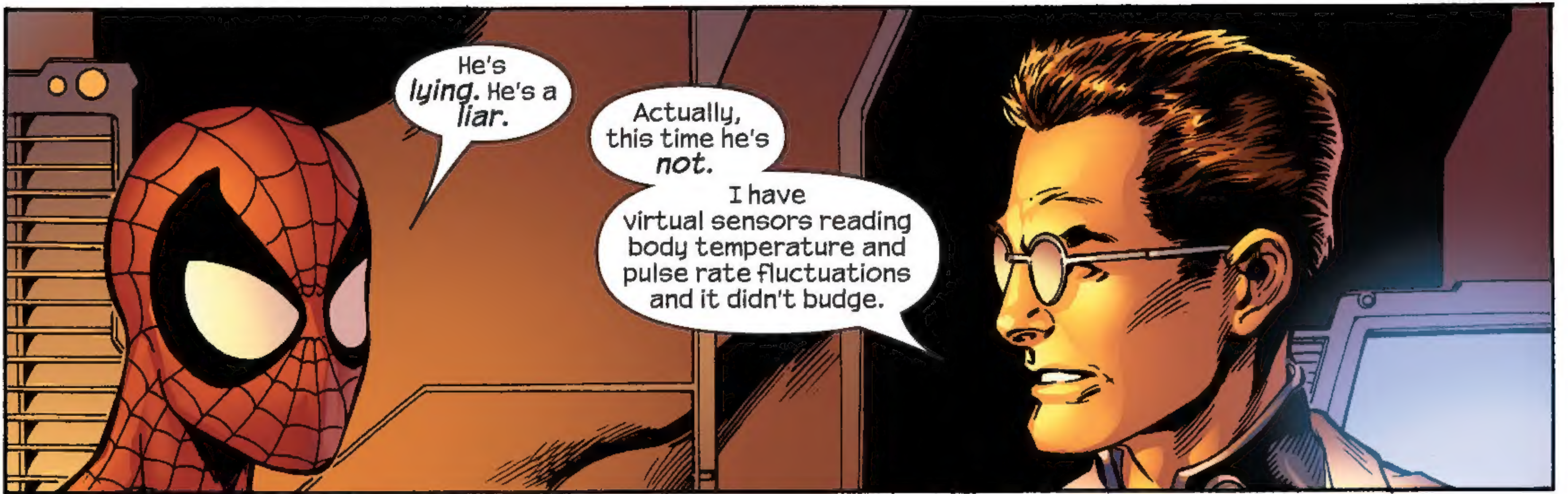


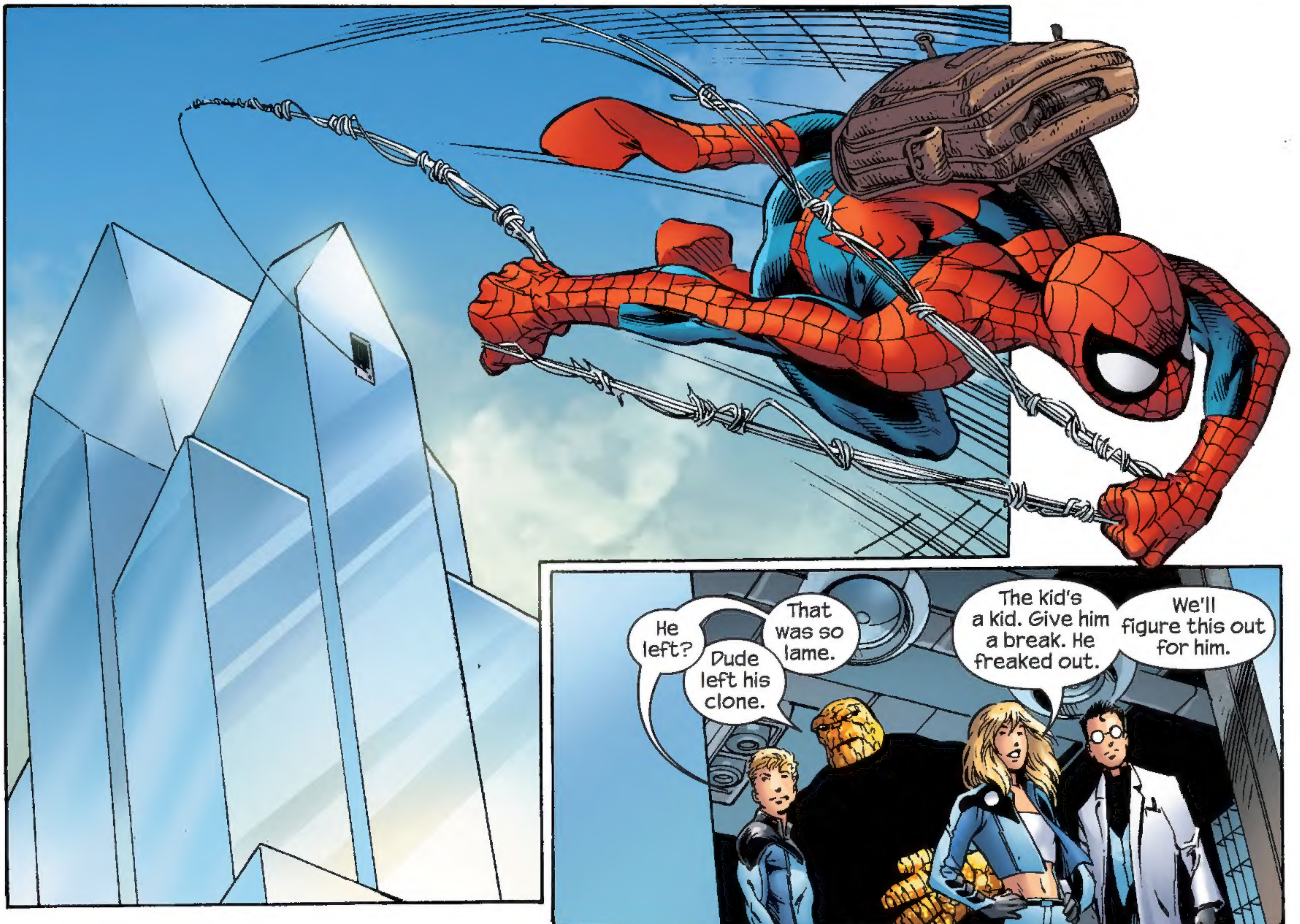
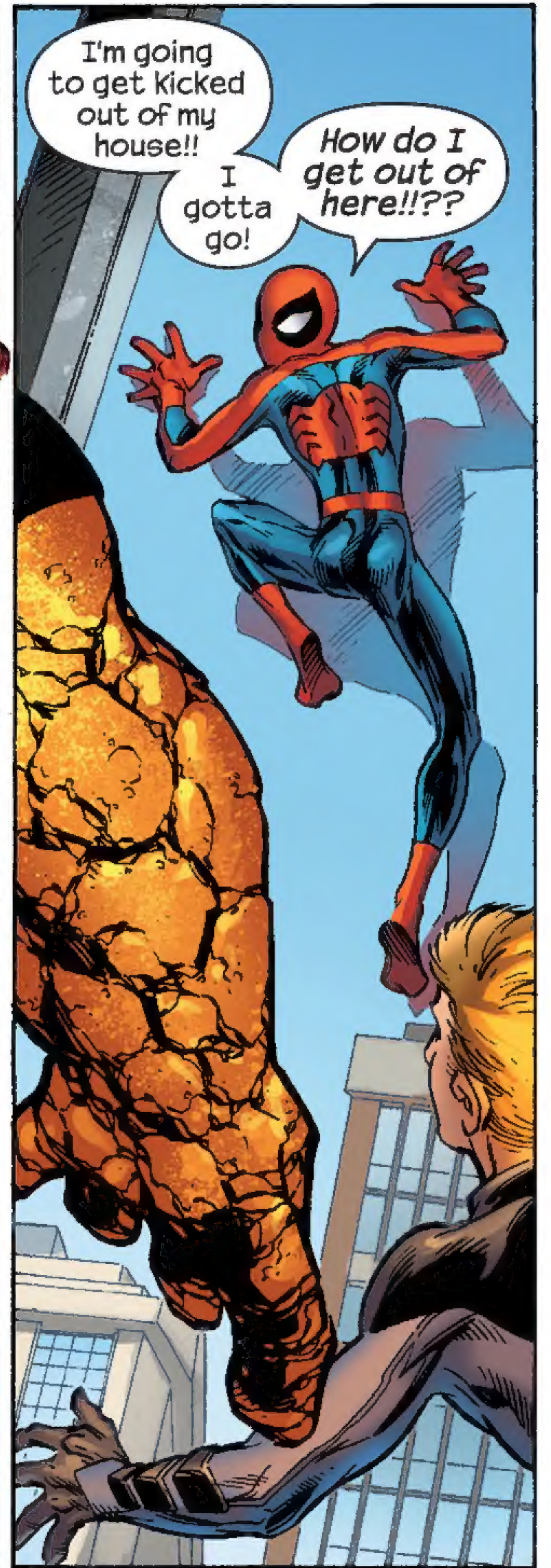
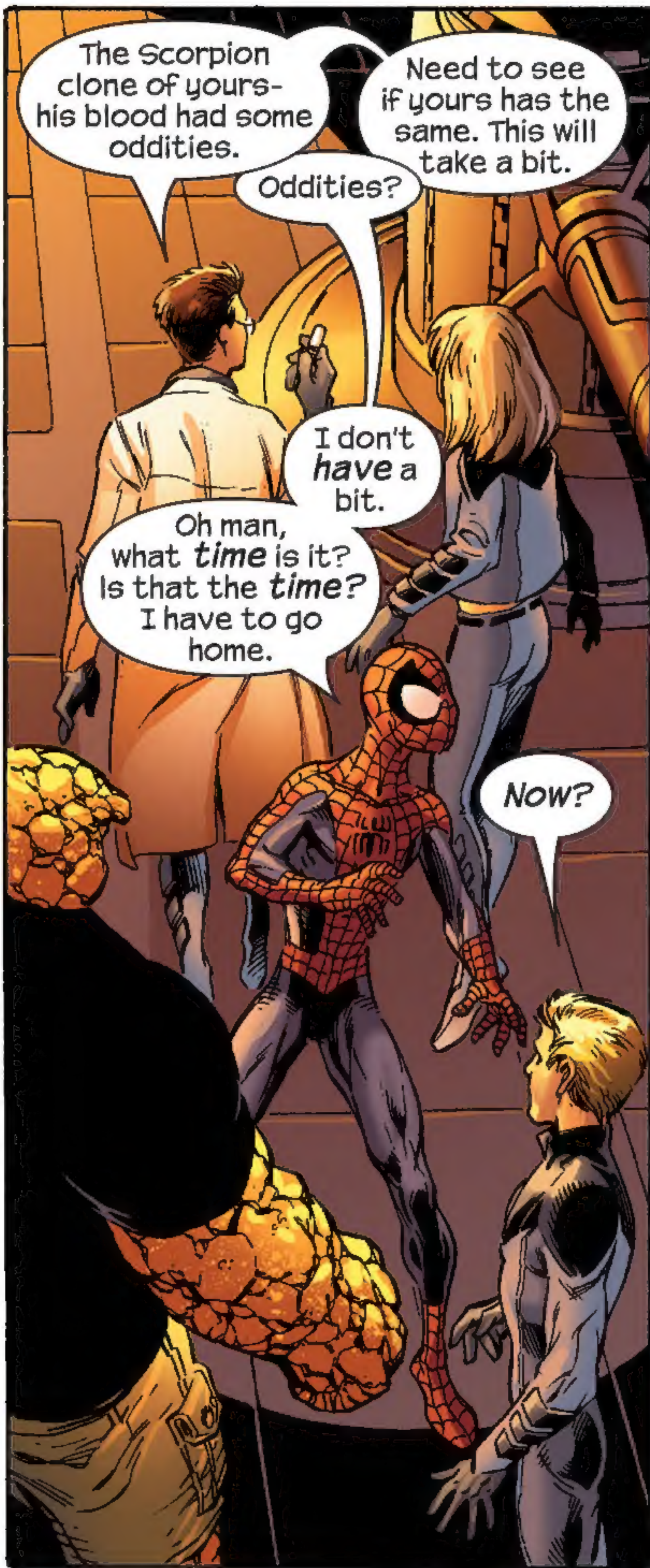
Huh.

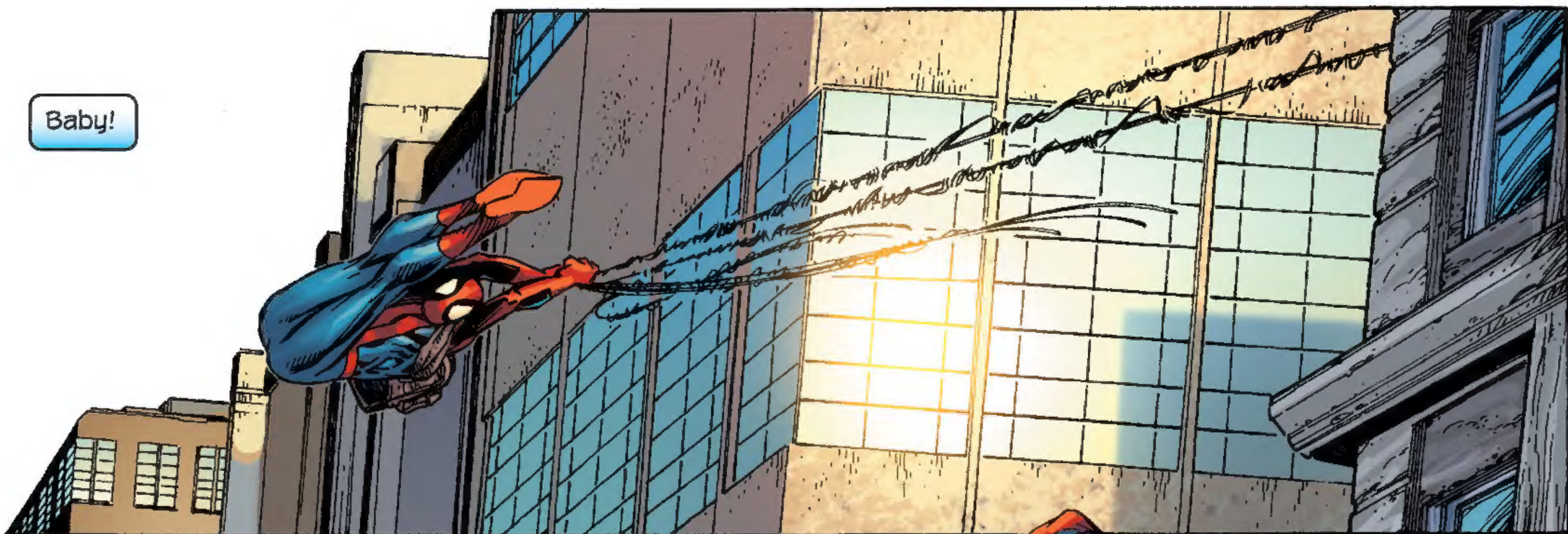
Hey, I know you.

We went to school together.







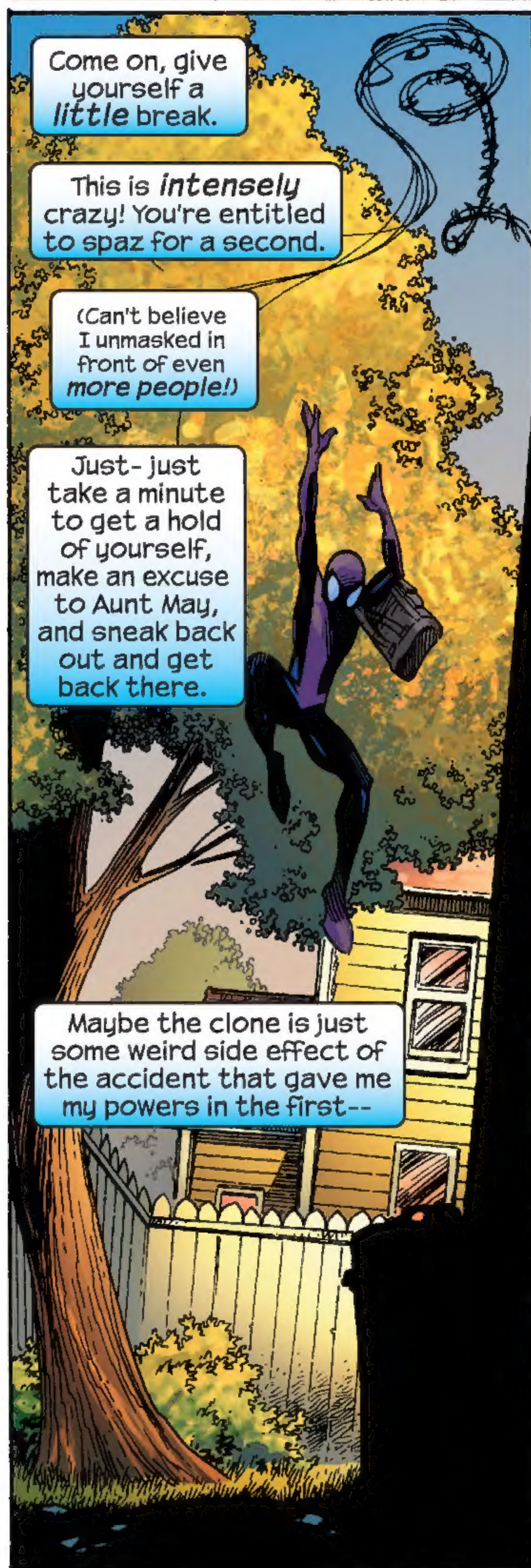


Baby!



You ran away.

You freaked out, got scared, and you ran away.



Come on, give yourself a *little* break.

This is *intensely* crazy! You're entitled to spaz for a second.

(Can't believe I unmasked in front of even *more* people!)

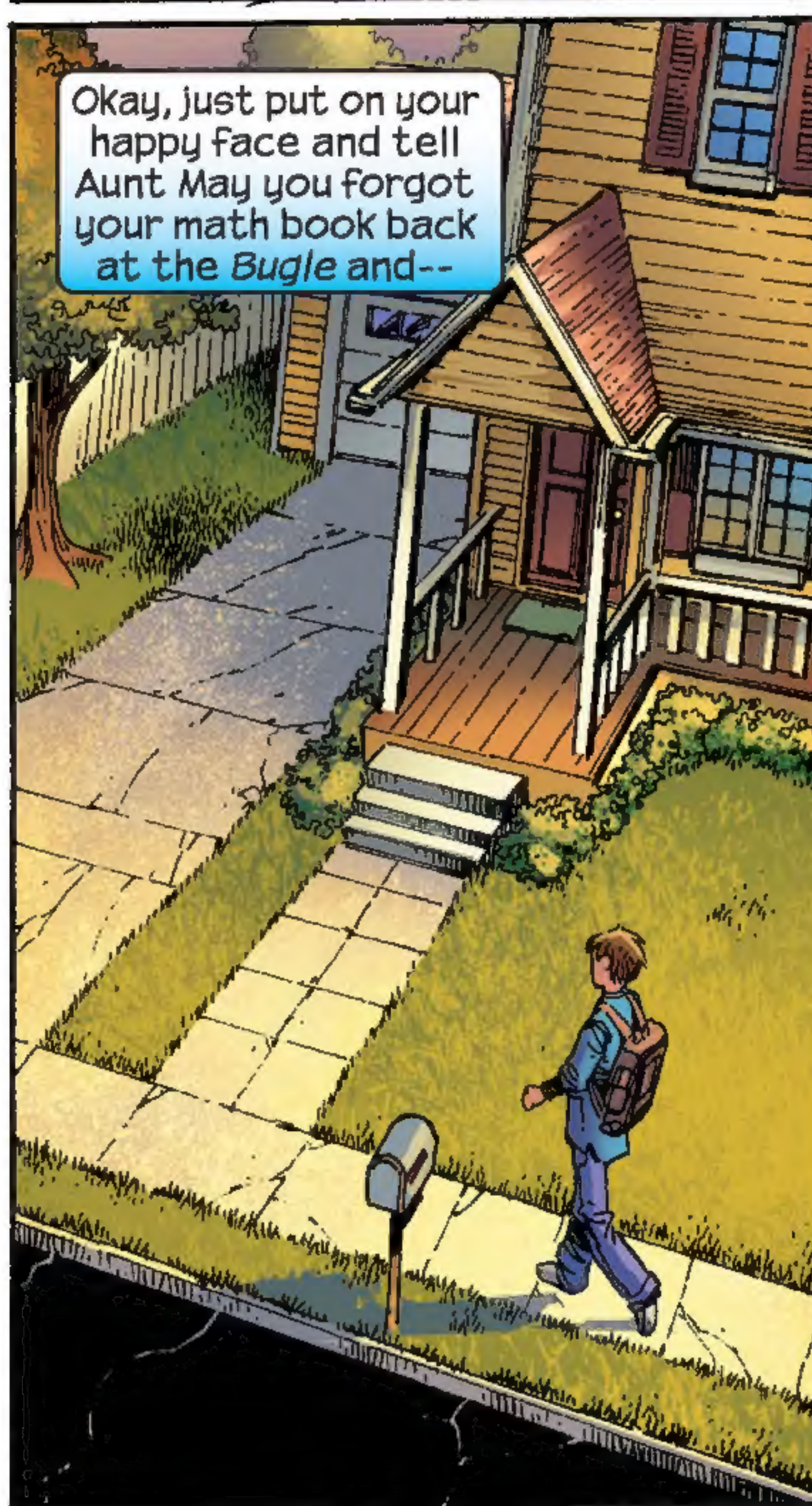
Just- just take a minute to get a hold of yourself, make an excuse to Aunt May, and sneak back out and get back there.

Maybe the clone is just some weird side effect of the accident that gave me my powers in the first--



Weird side effect!!??

There was an entire other me with- *a tail*!!



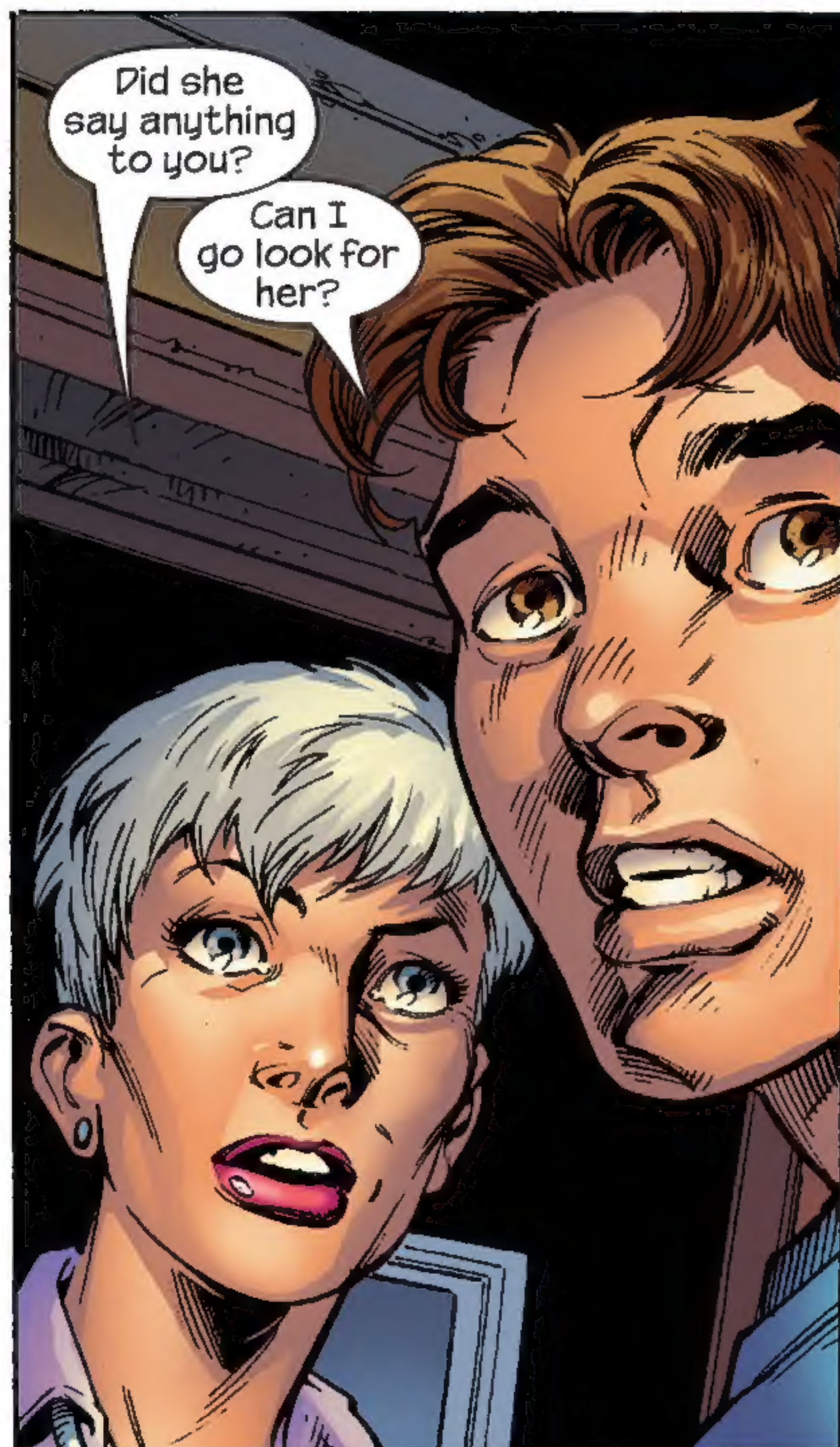
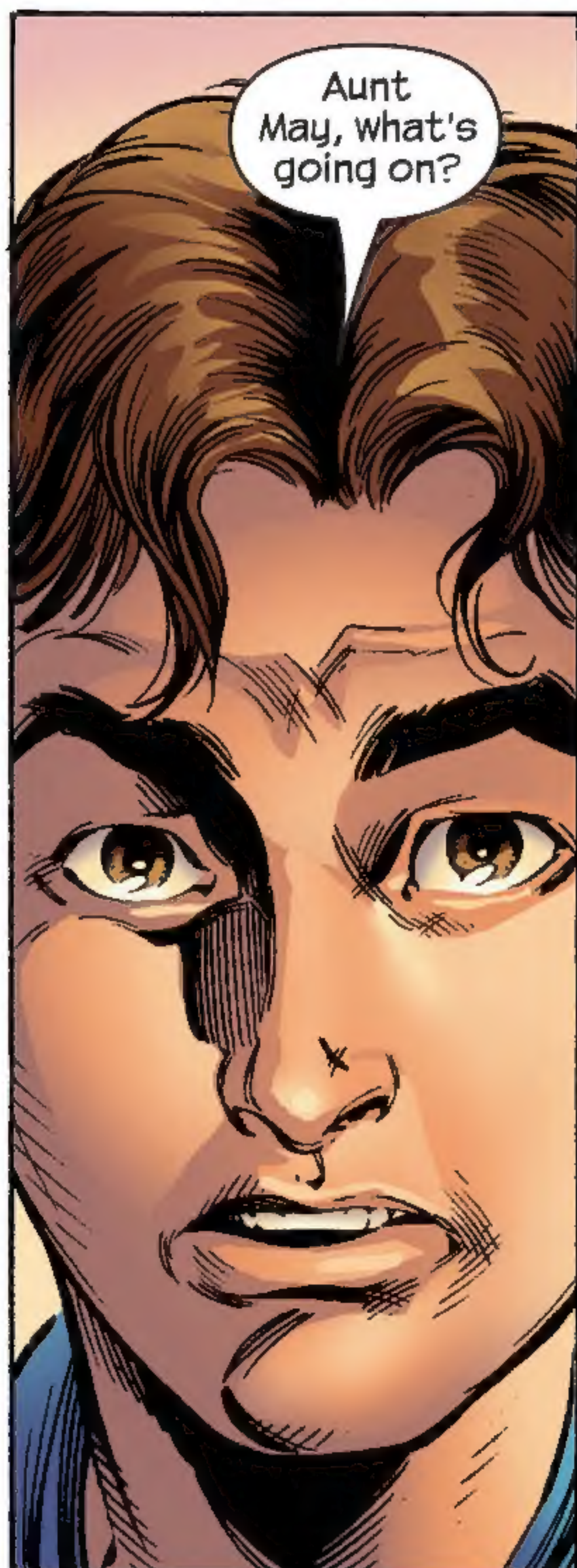
Okay, just put on your happy face and tell Aunt May you forgot your math book back at the Bugle and--

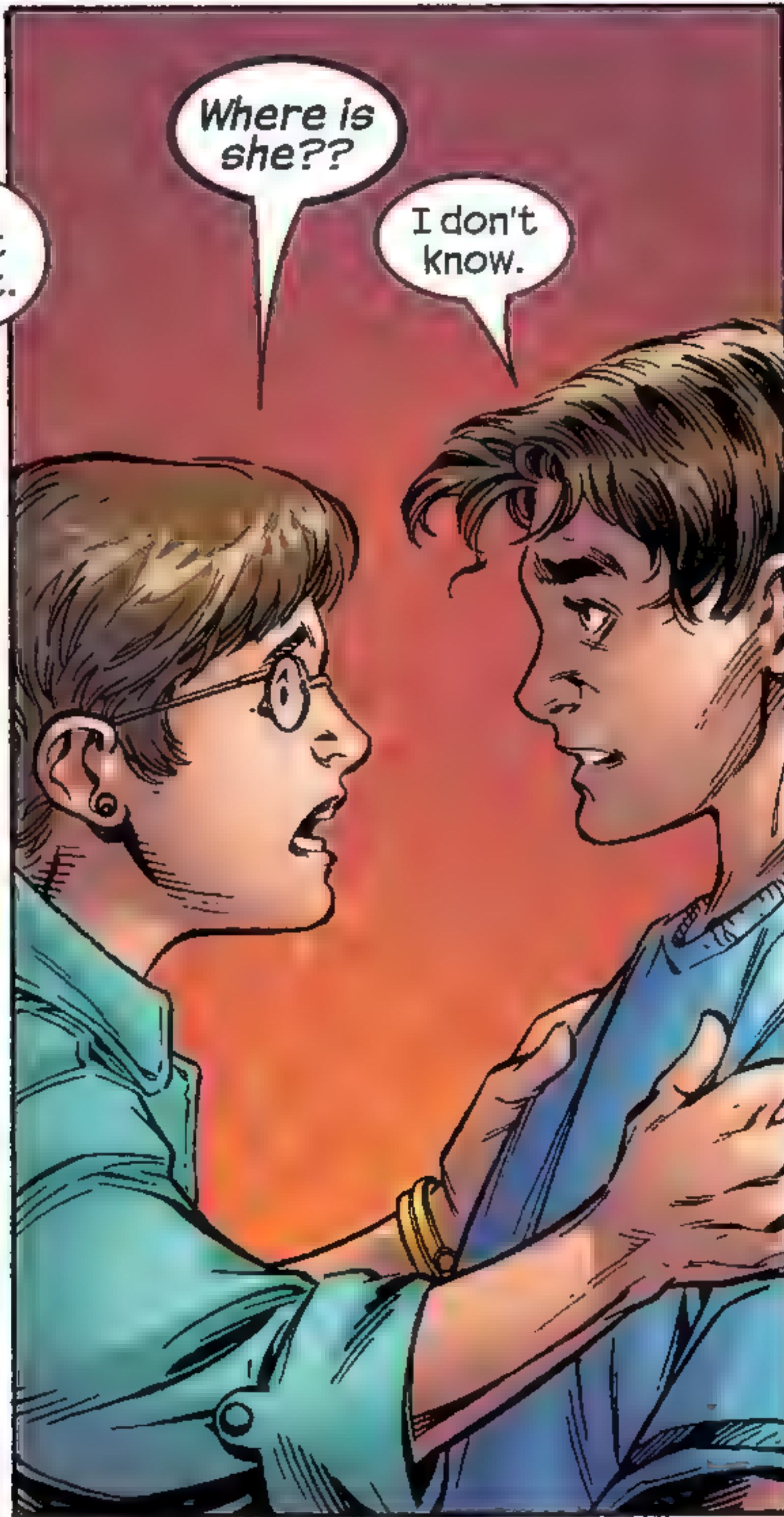
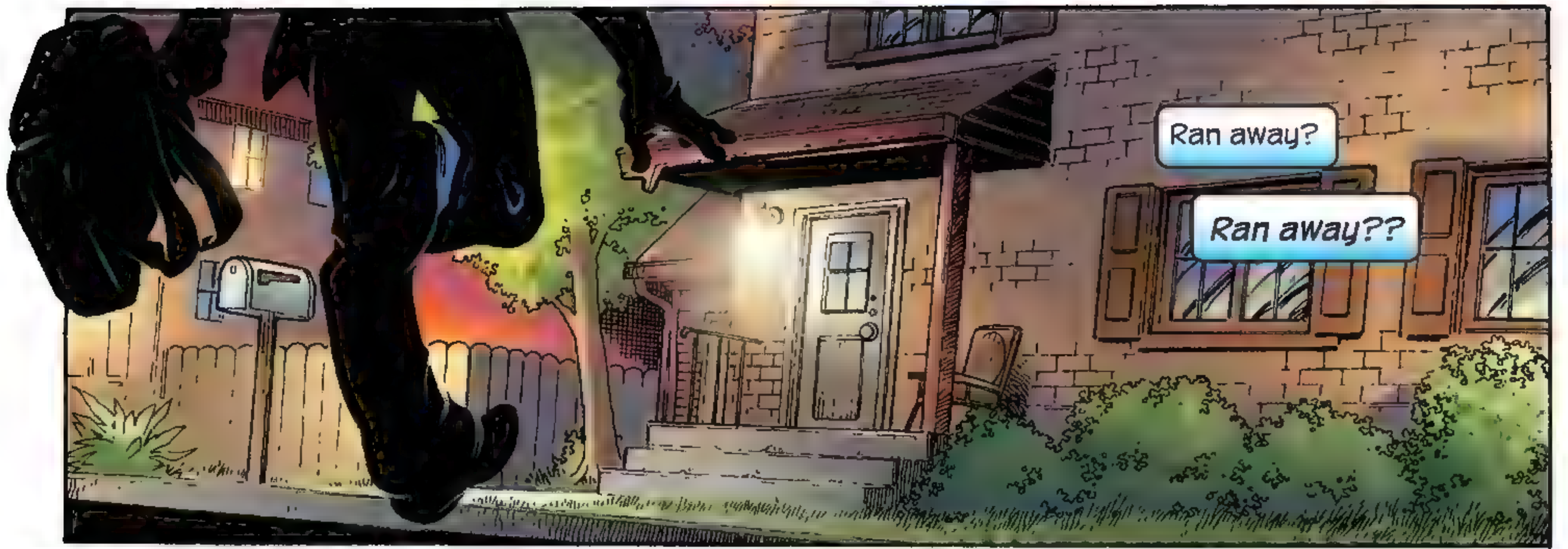


Aaarrgghh!!!

Peter!!

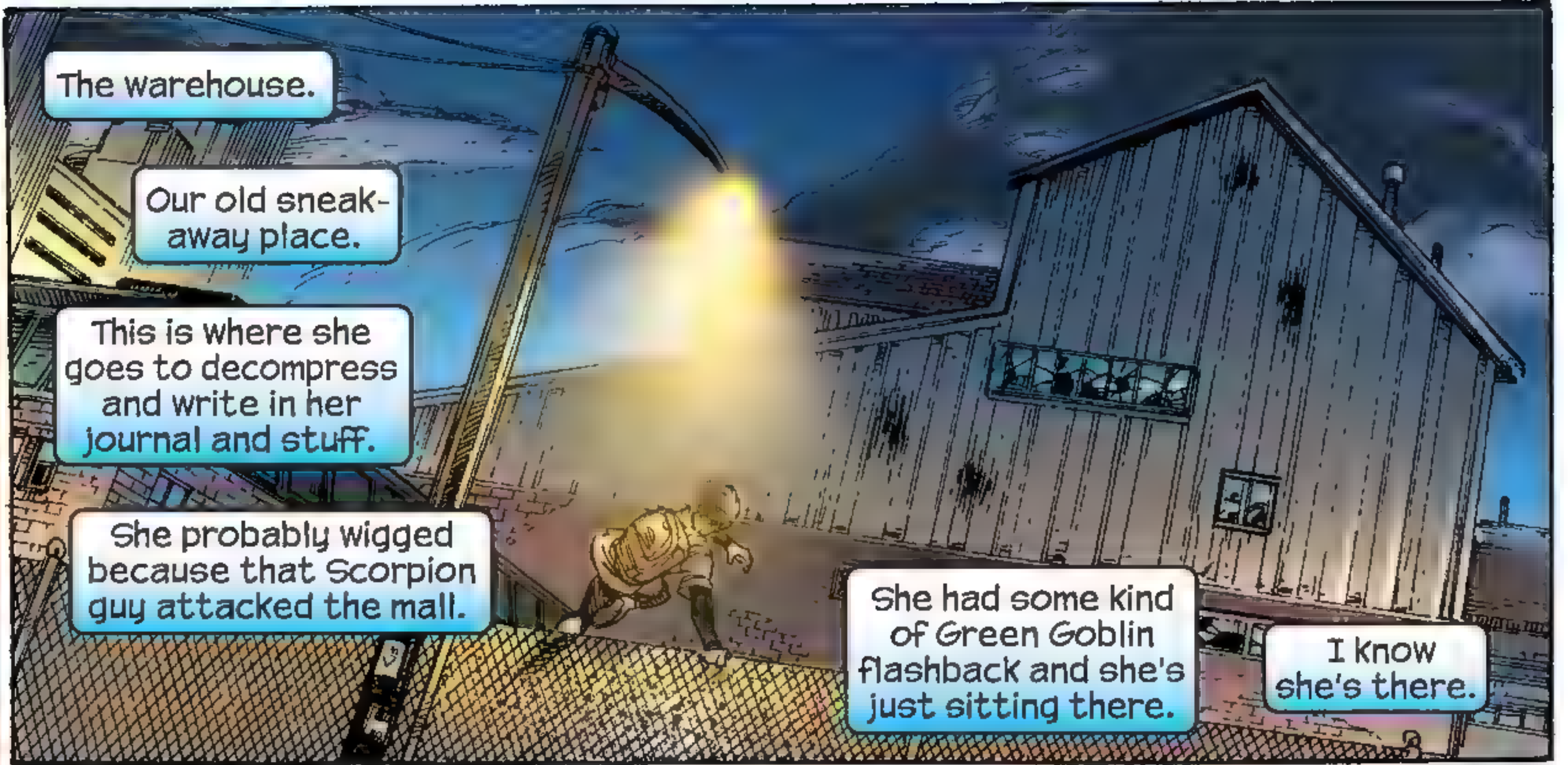
Agh!







I'll be right back!!



The warehouse.

Our old sneak-away place.

This is where she goes to decompress and write in her journal and stuff.

She probably wiggled because that Scorpion guy attacked the mall.

She had some kind of Green Goblin flashback and she's just sitting there.

I know she's there.



Just *be* here.

Please be there.



Mary?



MJ?



Oh, no...

MJ?



Sorry, tiger...



Well, *this* is awkward.



Who are you?



Um...
Who do I look like?



I don't care.
Where is MJ?



Mary Jane Watson.

I'm not *her*, if *that's* what you think.

That would be *so* creepy.

As opposed to this thing here which isn't creepy at all.



Where is she?!!!

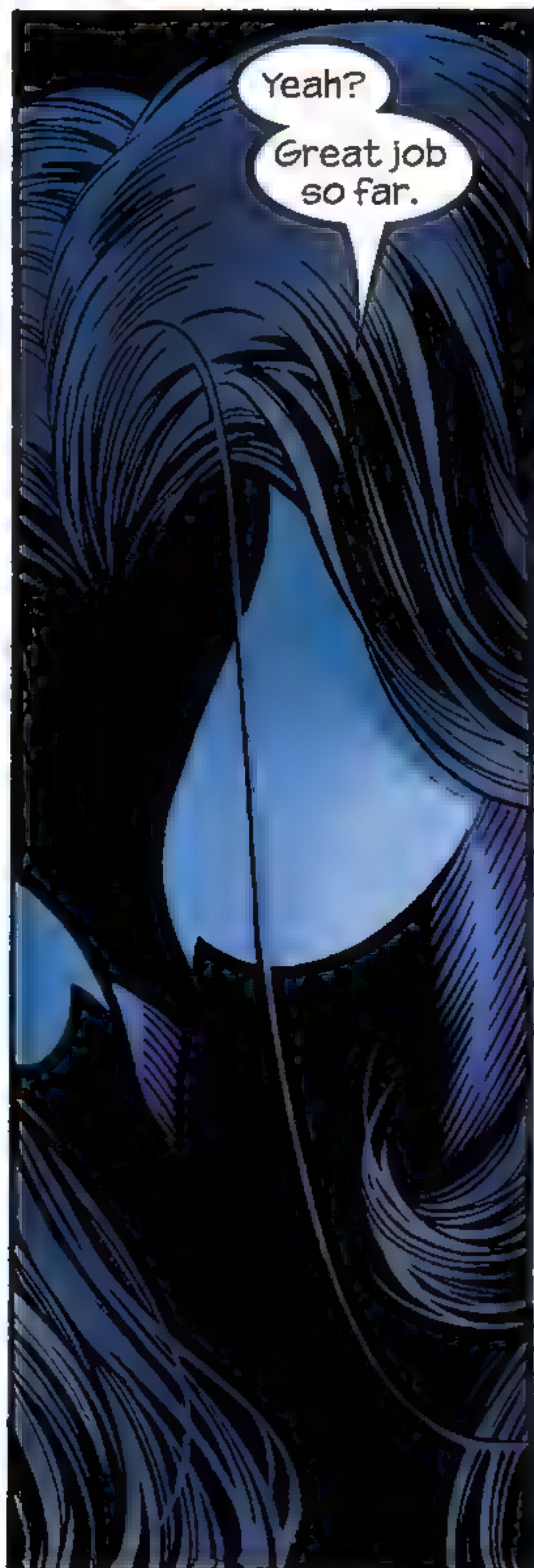
I wouldn't know!

I don't get to be part of that part.

I want to know what is going on here!!
What is going on here??!!

Give me MJ! I mean it!!

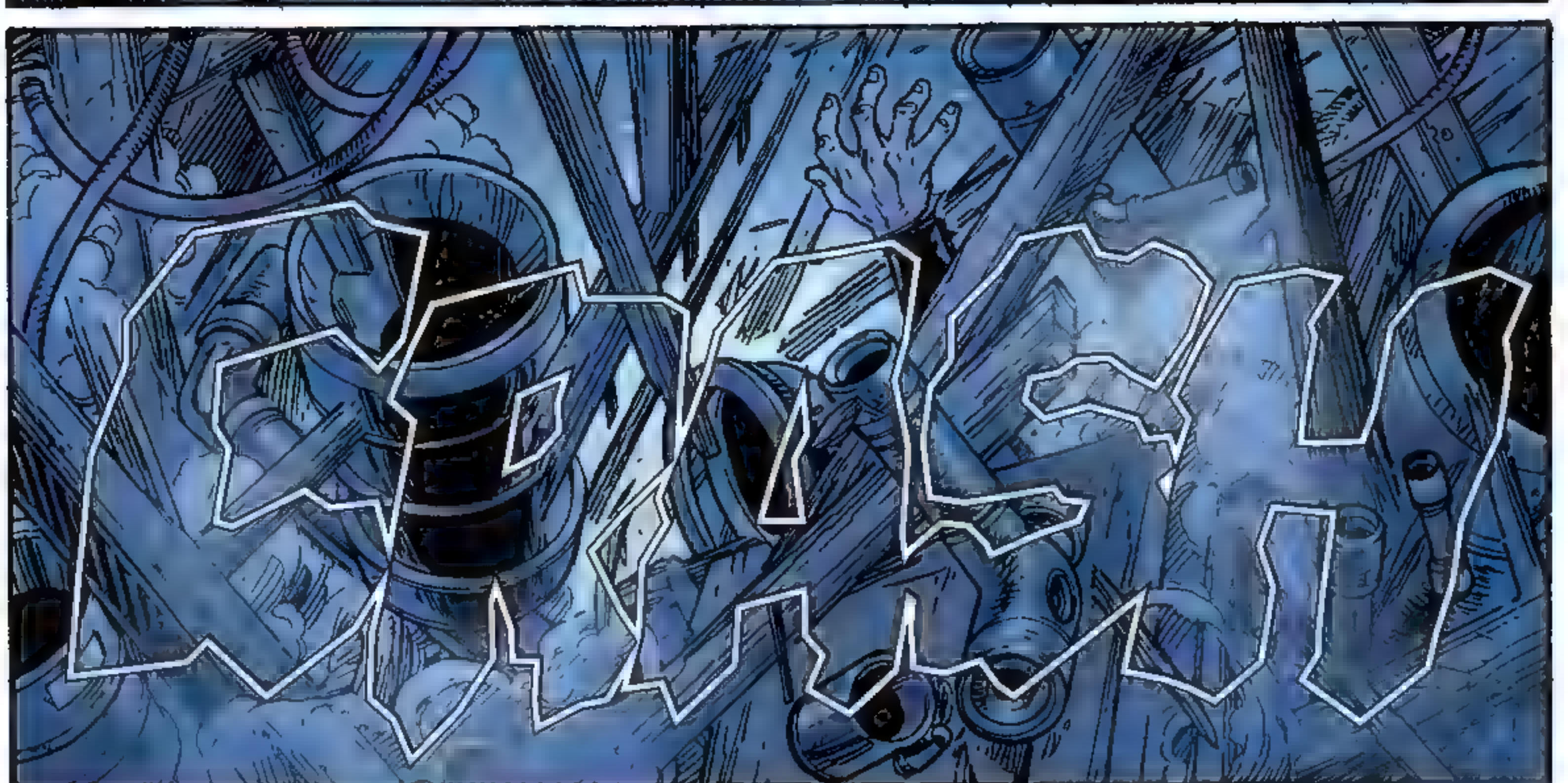
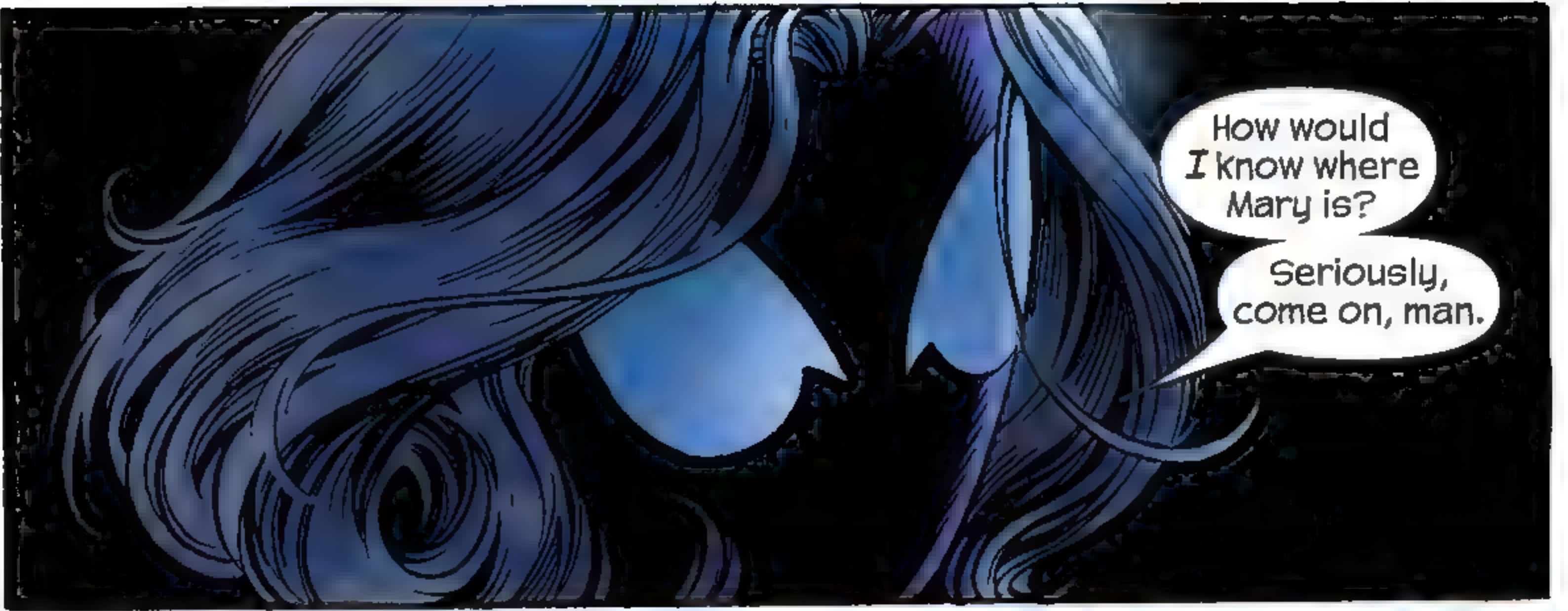
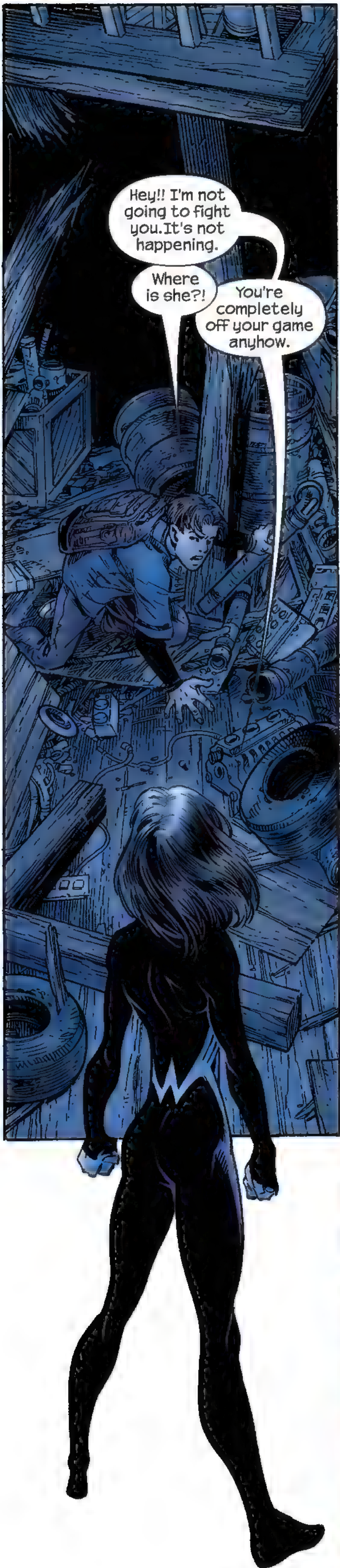
There is nothing I won't do to protect her.



Yeah?
Great job so far.

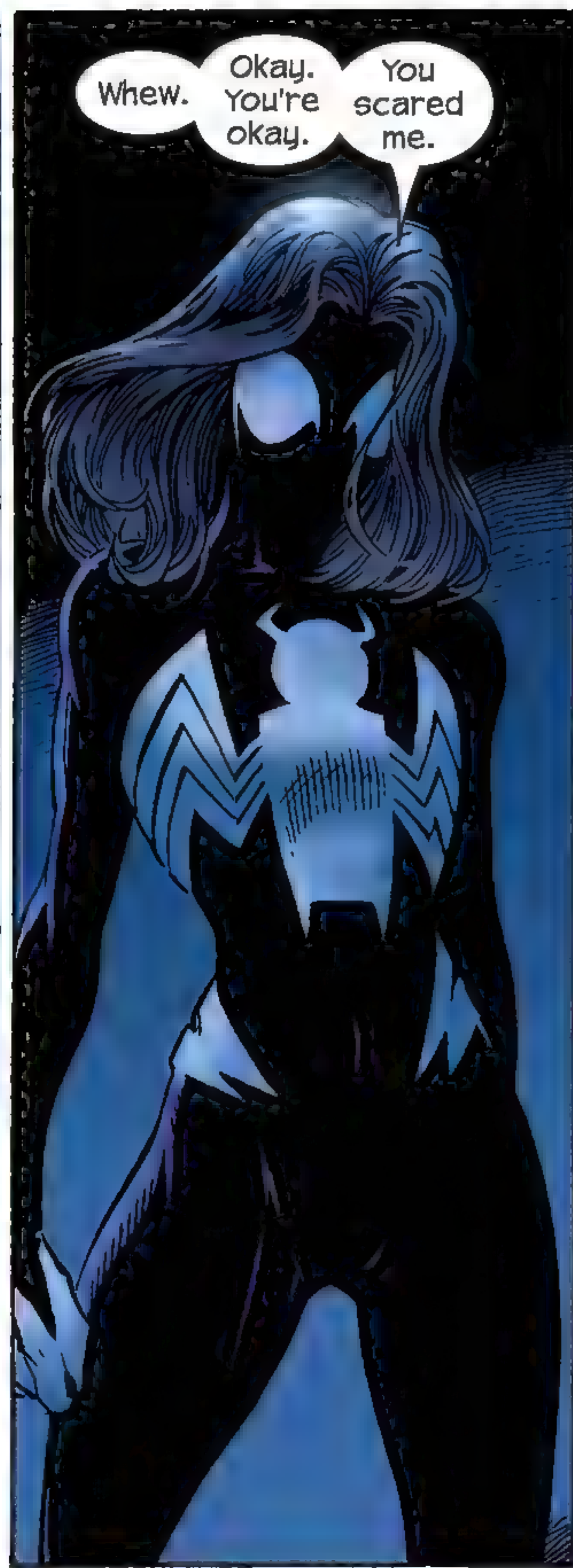
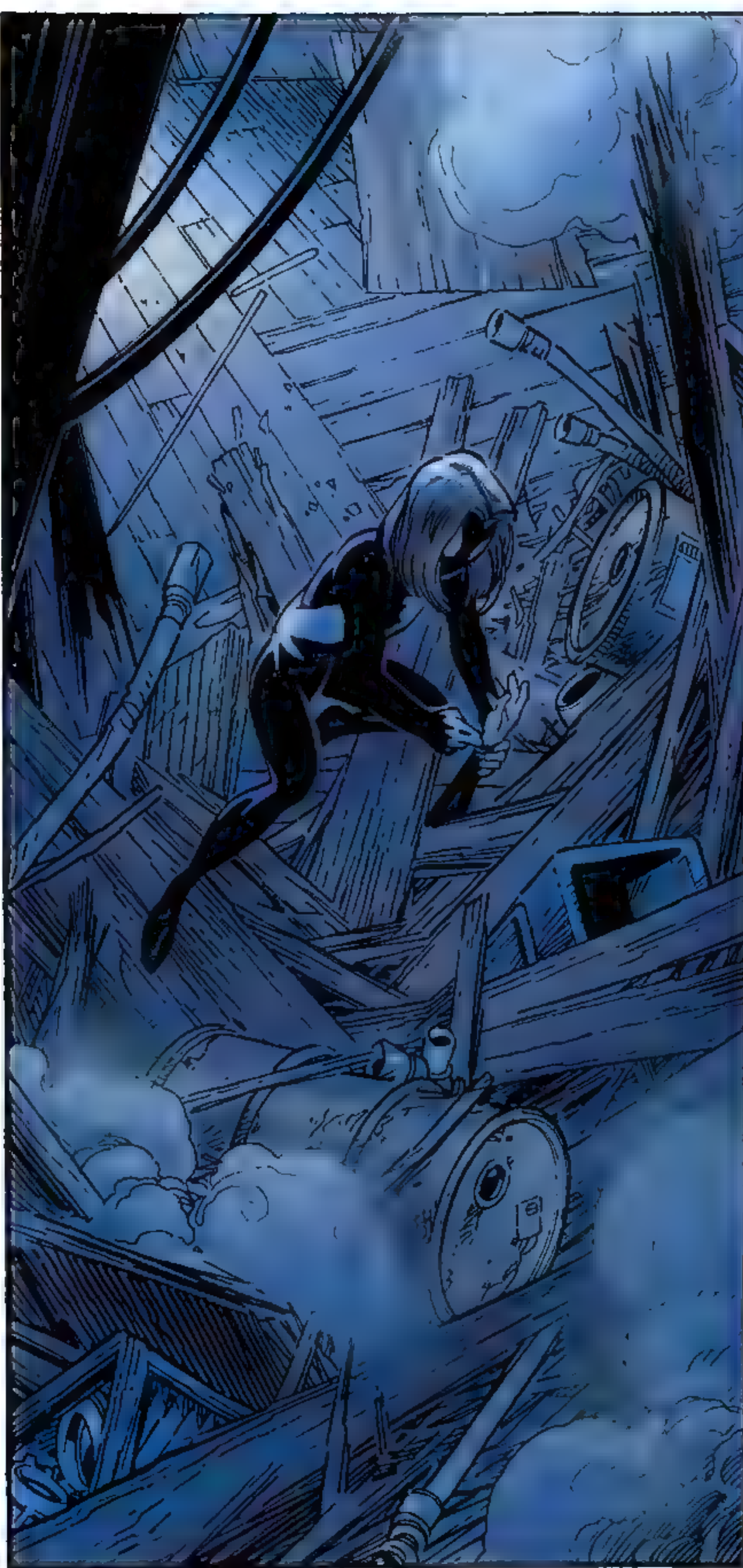








Oh my God...



Whew.

Okay. You're okay.

You scared me.



I shouldn't have come here.

This was my fault.

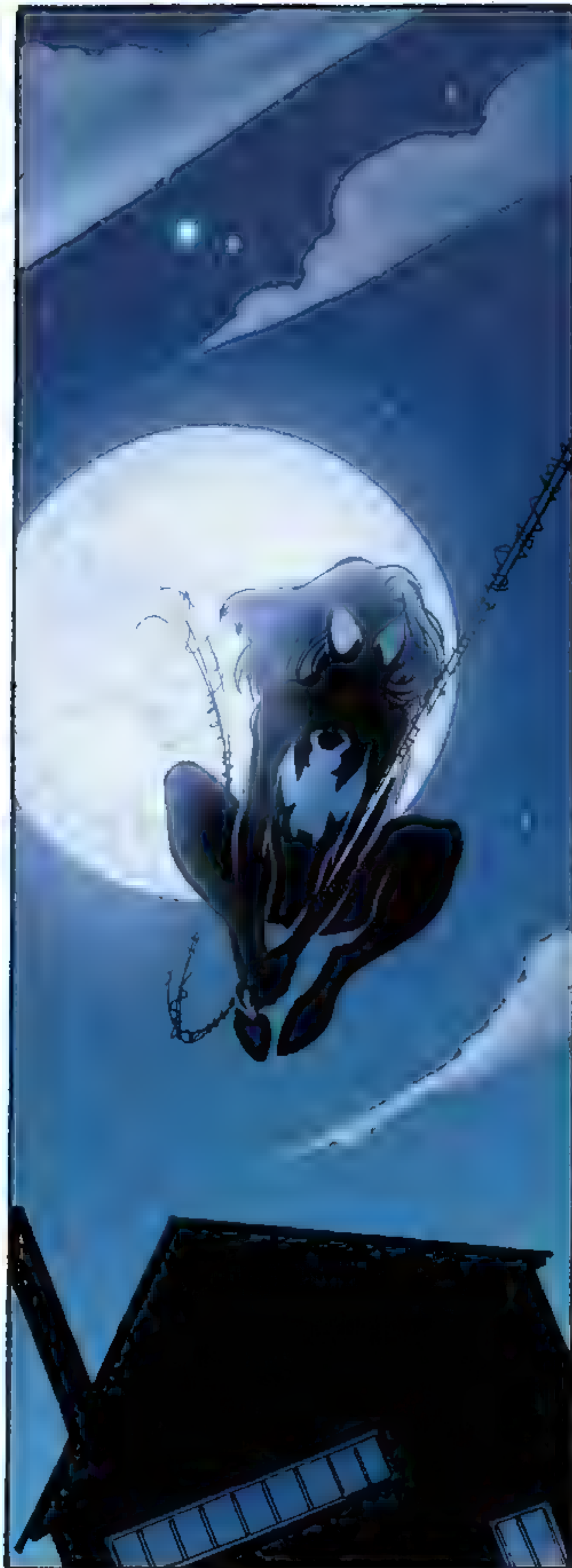
I just had to see this for real.

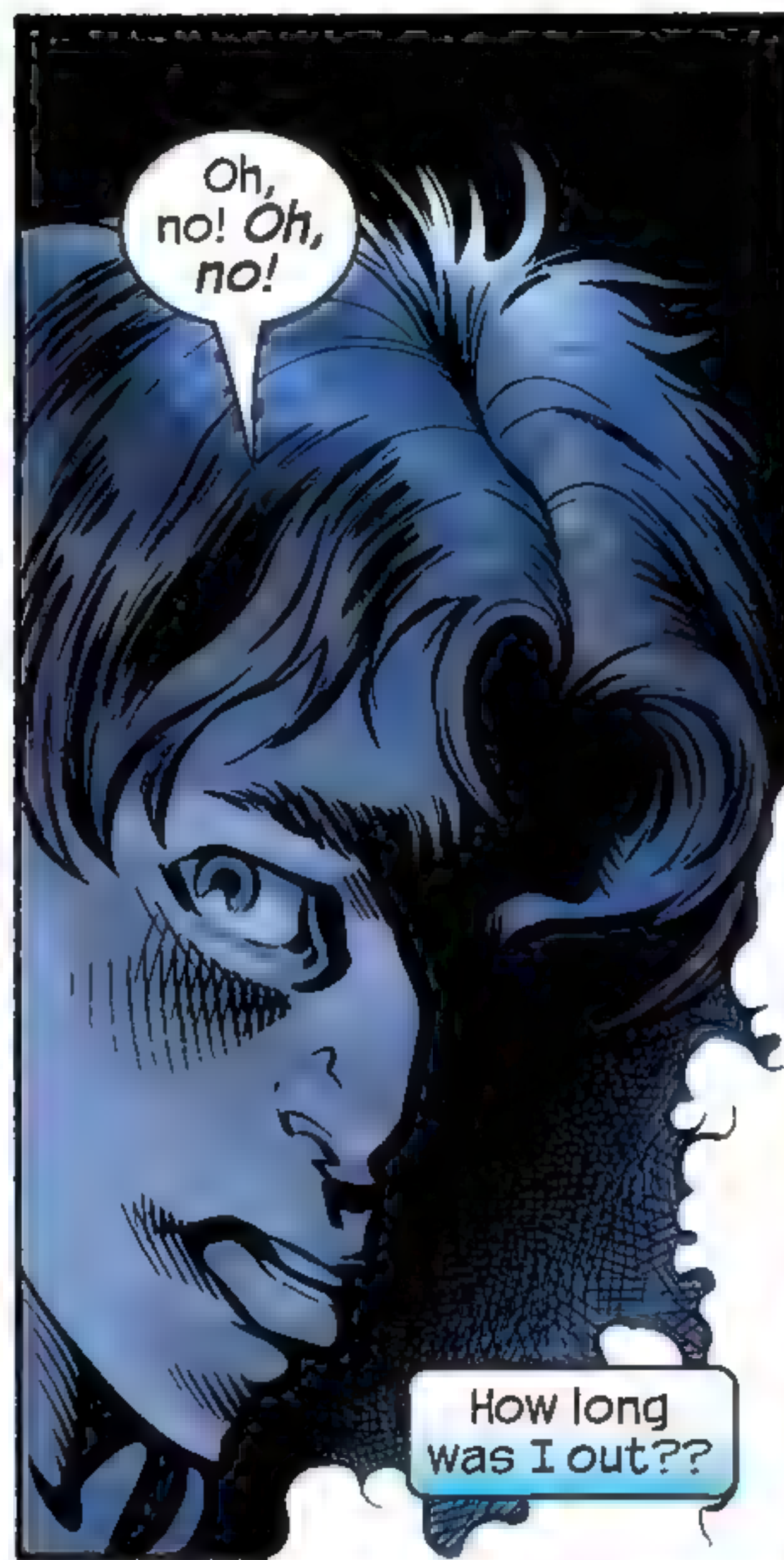
I'll get them back for you, Peter.

I'll do it for all of us.



We didn't deserve this.



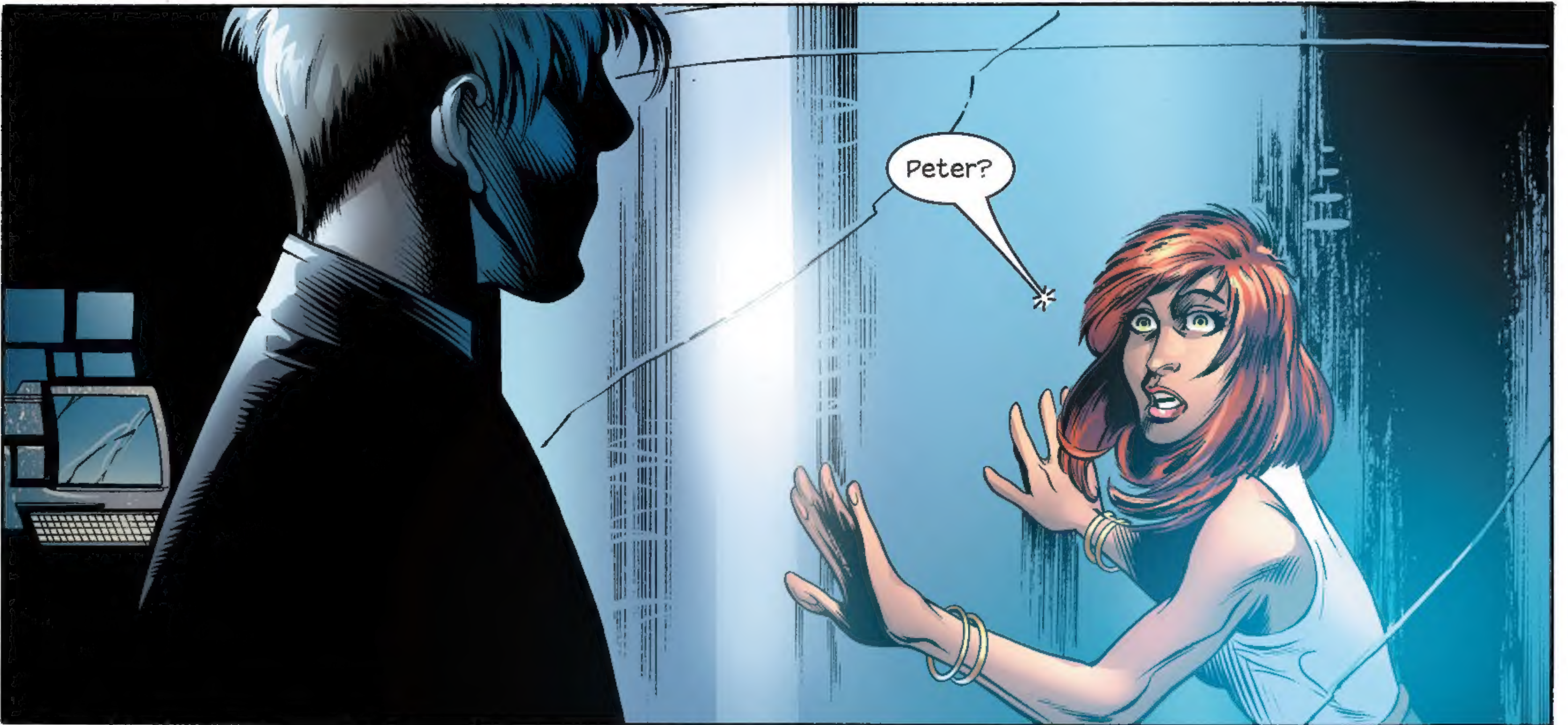
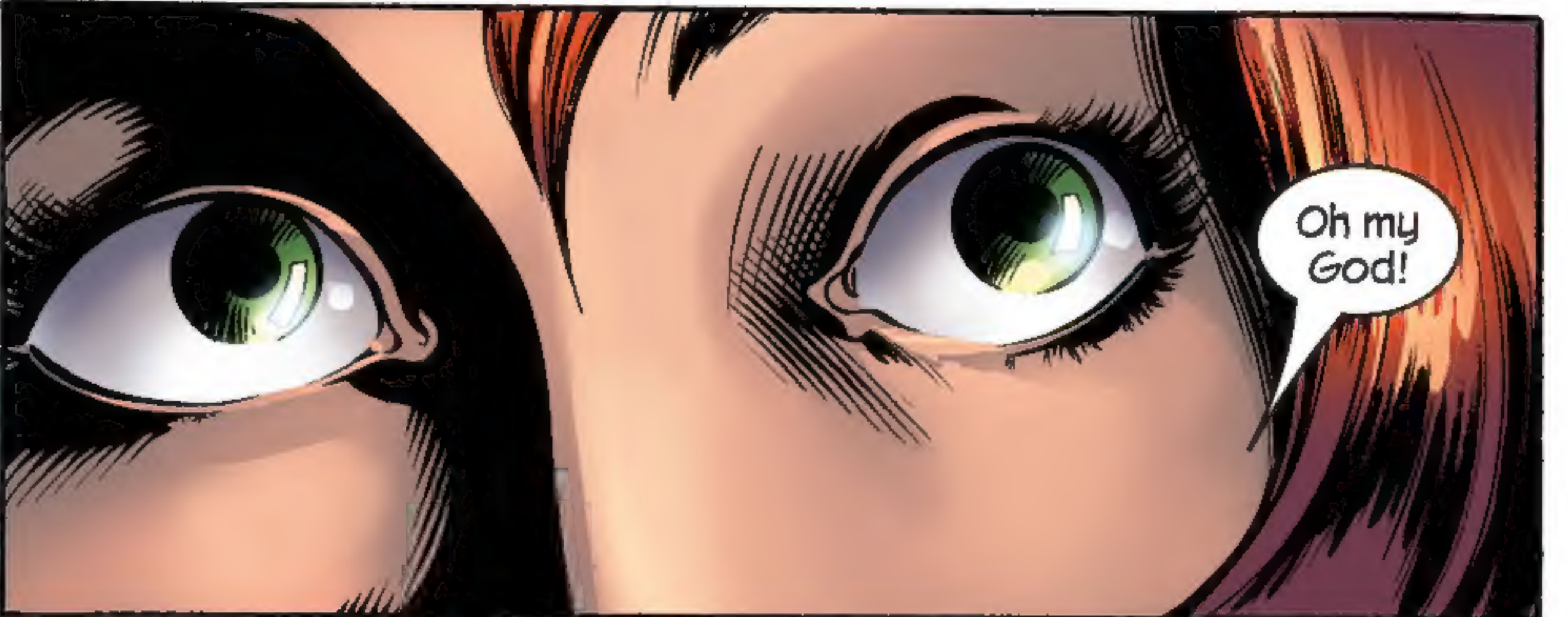
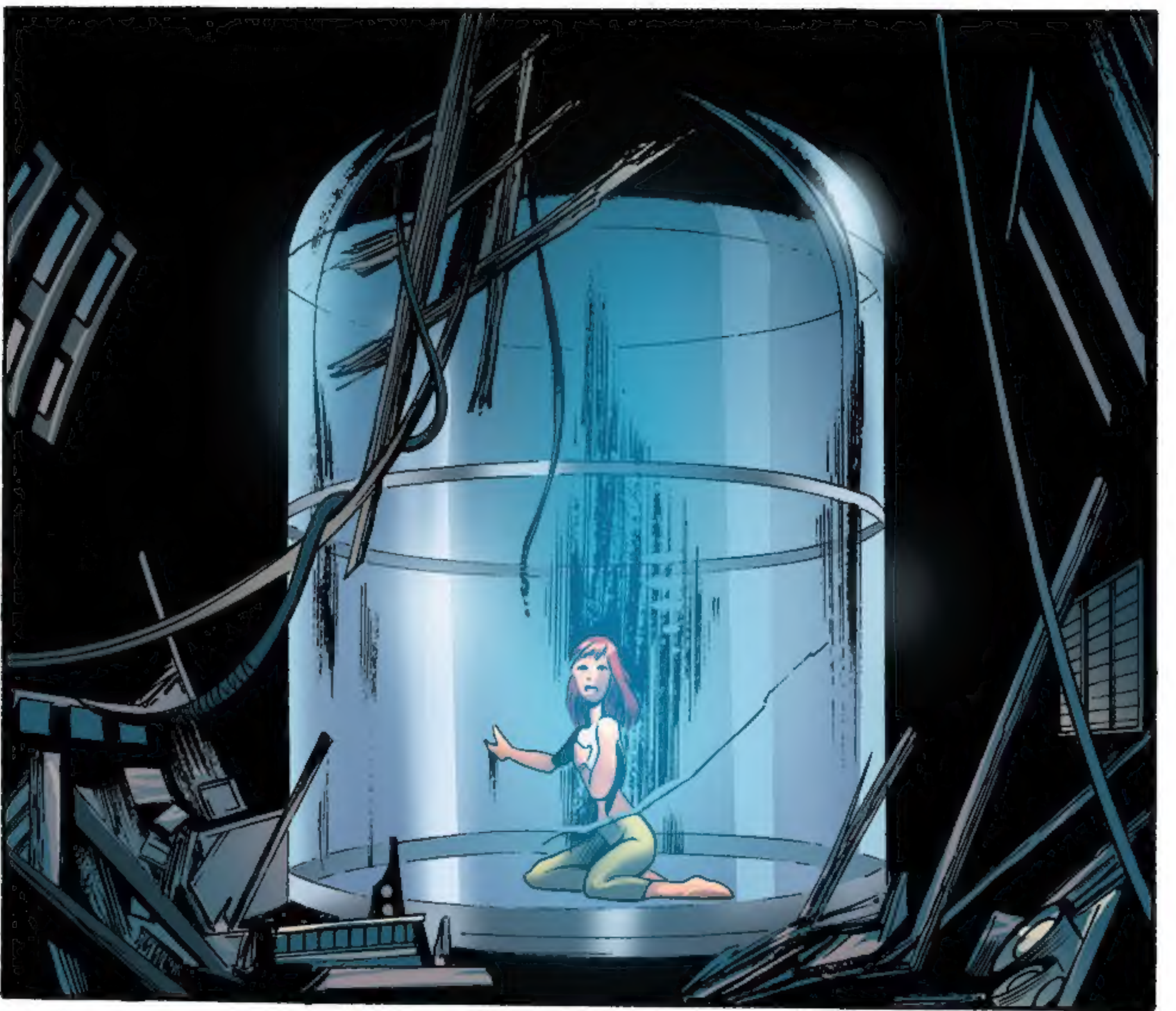


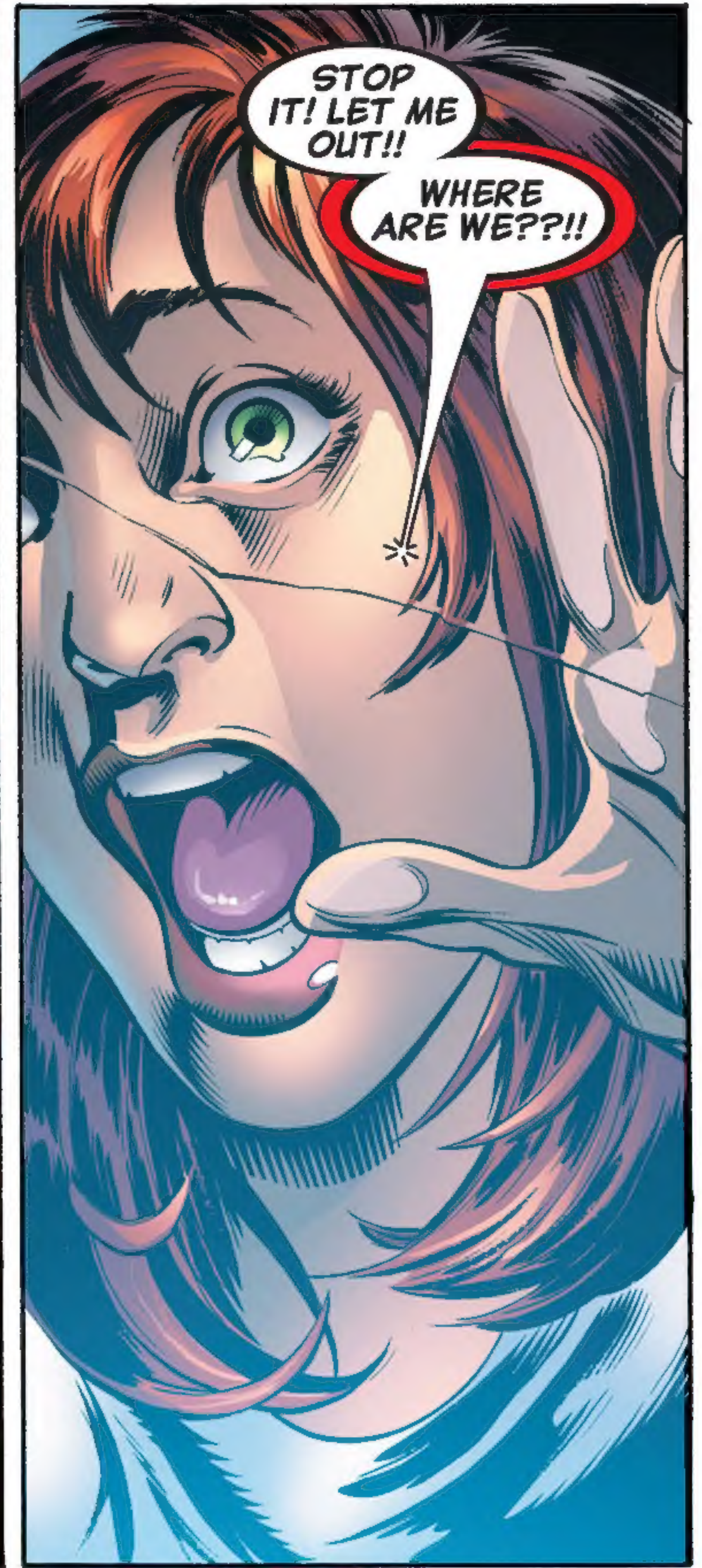
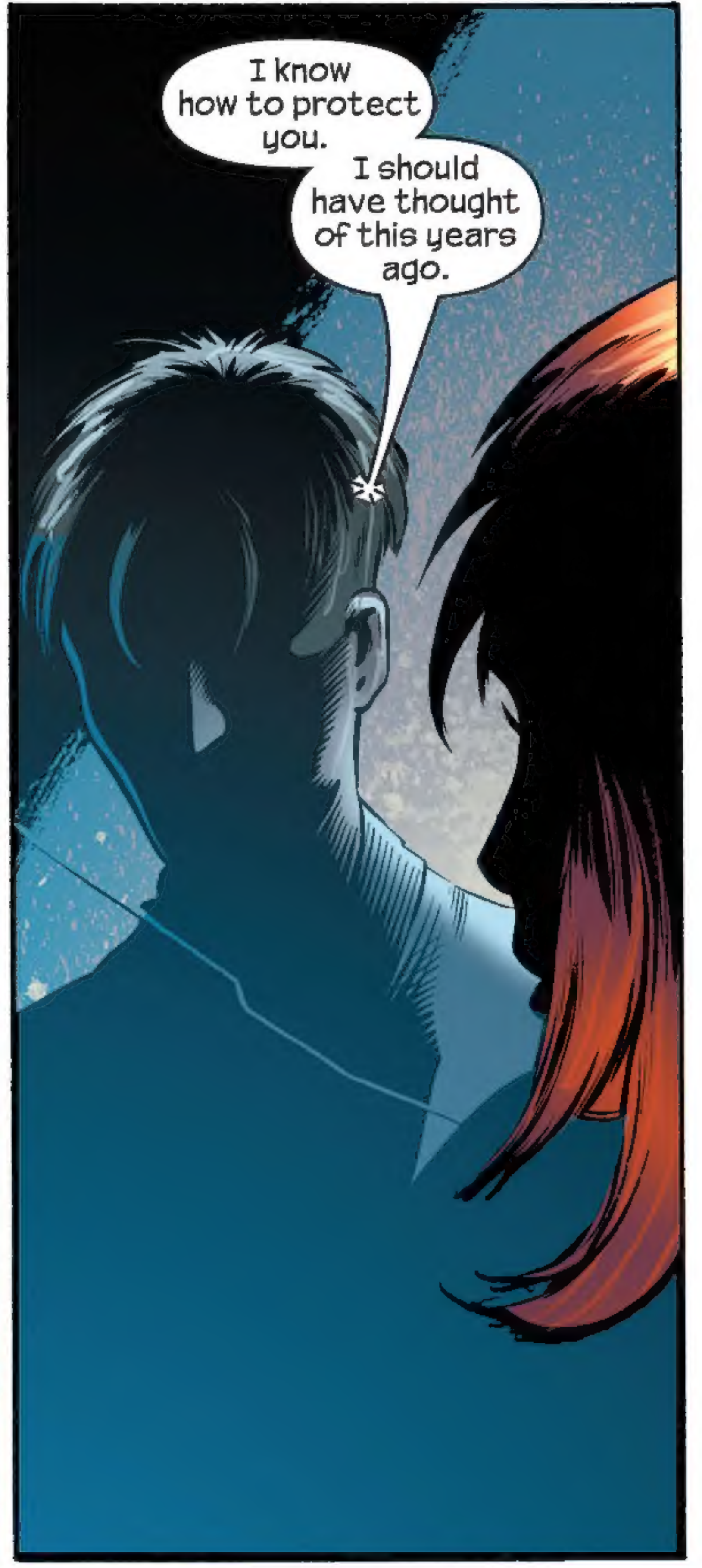


You moved?

When did you move?

Gwen?





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AAAAUUUU!!!





SON OF

VULTURON